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February, 1998

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SAT 04

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FEB

THU 19

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IN THE MAIN ROOM

FEB

FRI 24

FIVE O with
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WED 25

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DISCORDER

February 1998

Issue 180

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Dearest Valentine

IT IS WRONG TO BE TRYING
TO PLAY WITH MY HEART
WHEN YOU KNOW THERE IS
NOTHING TO KEEP US APART.

Looking back ...



February 1986

editrix: miko hoffman
art director: ken paul
ad rep: kevin pendergraft
production manager: tristan winch
graphic design/layout:
kenny, atomos
production: andrea gin,
ann goncalves, patrick gross, erin
hodge, kate hunt, cal m, megan
mallett, christa min, erin nicholson,
malcolm van delft, shane van der
meer, marlene yuen
photography/illustrations: jason da silva,
ted dave, richard folgar
contributors: barbara
a, daniel a, brady c, julie c,
bryce d, jack d, jamie d, jason
d, greg e, sean e, noah g,
patrick g, pieter h, joseph h,
anthony k, doug l, lisah, adam
m, chantelle m, jonis mck, sara
m, nardwur, ken p, evan s,
june s, dave t, stefan u, brian
w, jerome y
programme guide:
namiko kunimoto
charts: megan mallett
datebook: tristan
distribution:
matt steffich
us distribution:
tristie
publisher:
linda scholten

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COVER

THE LOVELY MARY TIMONY OF
BOSTON'S HELIUM GRACES OUR
FEBRUARY COVER ... PHOTO BY RICHARD
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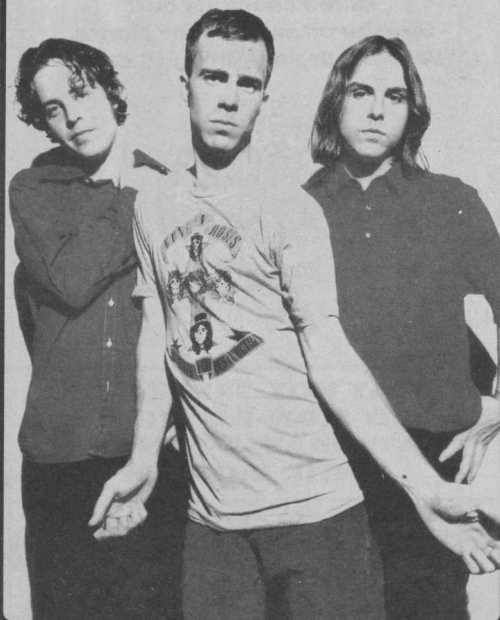
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03/12/98	Calgary, AB @ Multi-cultural Center**
03/12/98	Lanigan, BC**
03/14/98	Seattle, WA @ Ground Zero**
03/15/98	Seattle, WA**
03/16/98	Edmonton, AB**
03/18/98	Fort St. John, BC @ Party Motha
03/19/98	Fort St. John, BC**
03/20/98	Fort St. John, BC**
03/20/98	Fort St. John, BC**
03/21/98	Calgary, AB @ The Republic
03/22/98	Calgary, AB @ The Republic
03/23/98	Calgary, AB @ The Republic
03/24/98	Calgary, AB @ The Republic
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vancouver special

by janis mckenzie

BOSSANOVA

Bossanova EP (Independent)
It wasn't so many years ago that I would hide in the back of a club when I saw the band setting up keyboards. (There were some exceptions, naturally, but for the most part I just liked guitars better and

whole walls plastered with Love Story posters when I was in Toronto in September. So why am I writing about it here? First of all, because I am one of those boring old farts who used to love *Slow* to distraction and Tom and Christer from this band used to sing and play guitar in that band. Back in my impressionable youth, I was certain that they'd be living the lives of the 1970s *Rolling Stones* by now (just the glamorous, influential, good parts, of course) and it does still give me a bit of a thrill to see anything that they've done.

Reviewing this CD is a challenge, though, because it almost seems designed not to be described. It's not that loud, barely post-punk sound that *Slow* had in the distant past—which makes

sense—but it's also not a sound that I can easily explain or define. This is a CD that demands a bit of attention, that doesn't grab you with obvious hooks or singalongable choruses on the first listen but requires a bit of familiarity, more like serious jazz or even classical music than a pop record. The songs are all tricky, somewhat. The title track, for instance, embraces plenty of familiar pop clichés and is every bit as lovely and irresistible as *The Left Banke's* "Pretty Ballerina," but instead of lyrics about going out on dates, Tom sings sweetly, "I'm dreaming of your nasty mouth, and further south."

There's a twist of some sort (and as often as not, some kind of sociopolitical statement) in every song here, whether it's pretty guitar arpeggios contrasted with liter-

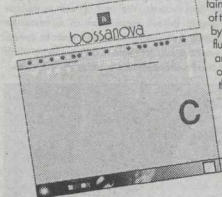
ate and unexpectedly bitter lyrics, or the facile rhymes that surface in songs with the most difficult jazz structures. Never mind the jazz comparison—in a lot of ways, this is more like reading good literary fiction. If all these songs are autobiographical-sounding short stories, this is a collection that needs to be read through a couple of times before taking its place on the favourite bookshelf.

HARVEY SWITCHED

Studio Pimps EP (Bugna)
Boy, this one's a favourite with the male resident of my household! Here's a crisp, hard-rocking, five-song CD that sometimes sounds like a guy-fronted *Veruca Salt*, sometimes like *The Beastie Boys*, sometimes a little like *The Dead Kennedys*, and sometimes borders on the uncomfortably head-bangy.



Unlike many bands that walk the difficult line between speedmetal and punk, though, *Harvey Switched* has a sense of fun, displaying some swirly psychedelic pop sensibilities (in the second song, "Borderline Insensitive") and throwing in a hilarious *CCR* lick three minutes into the (previously) very rocking "Attack of the Candy Strippers." A good time.



dreaded the appearance of those retro-skinnyties guys who seemed to come along with the organs.) Since then, of course, the world has changed and I've been won over by bands like the *Magnetic Fields* and now, hearing *Bossanova*, I can't remember what my problem was in the first place.

This five-song EP is loaded with big, in-your-face organ chords that will make you smile and want to drive around with the windows rolled down. The vocals are deliciously lowpitched and delivered in a pleasantly morose style, a la Stephen Merritt and *Morrissey*, with hints of *Bryan Ferry* and even *David Bowie*. I'm not sure why these songs make me so happy, they just do.

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Love Story (BMG)
Yes, they're on a major label and this CD (their second) has been reviewed everywhere else already [including the regular review section of DISORDER]. I even saw

CONTEST

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Radio Interview

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cathode ray

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played, birthplace)?

Richard Reagh, 29, guitar/vocals, Salmon Arm, BC (grew up in Charlottetown, PEI); Jim O'Leary, 26, drums/vocals, Windsor, Nfld.

Richard, honestly, what is the deal behind being described 'post-punk Memphis' by The Harrisville Examiner in Harrisville, Pennsylvania?

It's all a lie ... Harrisville exists and they may have a newspaper called The Examiner but beyond that, 'post-punk Memphis' was an inside job. Sometimes the 'media' has trouble getting its head around new styles of music which is my moral justification for making up quotes occasionally. I actually found 'post-punk Memphis' written on a piece of paper in the garbage. My old bassplayer was trying to come up with a way to describe what we did. I forget what he put in our old bio but I found 'post-punk Memphis' in a recycling bag a few months after he left the band.

On that theme, how was your recent jaunt into the United States of America? Are you satisfied with the 'results'? Did you actually get paid?

Our tour to the USA ended abruptly when I came down with pneumonia. Being sick sucks, especially when it's raining and you've booked some good shows. We did get some press and I plan to re-book ASAP. There are lots of places to play, but the border is a pain and getting paid is not always part of the deal. Let me put it this way ... the shows that were supposed to pay for this tour got cancelled. What can you do in a world full of germ-bags? Upon whom would you most like to exact revenge? Why and how?

The only people I would exact revenge upon might be the currency traders of the Bank of Canada who make American dollars very expensive to buy. This makes food and places to stay (except people's floors) 'inflationary' indeed. But tell that to Mr.

Christen ... he's more worried about keeping Home Depot hopping until we're left with even fewer trees and that many more ugly houses in the suburbs. As far as doing anything about it, in my lifetime, start an American bank account and hold on to your change when you slip over to the 'Peace Arch' to buy new shoes at the factory outlet. An American quarter saved is almost 354 Canadian earned. When your drummer leaves, will you be able to find a suitable 'harmony' replacement? Do you always 'recruit' members from PEI?

My drummer has already left, which is why he couldn't participate in this discussion. He wants to become the Swedish John Williams so he's studying composition in Northern Sweden. He is irreplaceable because very few drummers like to sing ... it's something about those geeky headsets mics from the '80s ... remember Howard Jones? I tend to recruit drummers from landlocked provinces these days. Even PEI now has a 'fixed' concrete bridge.

What can you cook?

I can cook stir-fry (I watched Wok with Yan when I was a kid during a long strike at CBC). I'm also fast with those pizza shells from Superstore. Oh, and I do make a better latte than Starbucks.

down your throat but the two-piece grew out of necessity. I started doing a few shows and found I liked the way it sounded. You could go from atmospheric to electric shock in the space of 30 seconds. Is Cathode Ray a real band?

What do you mean by that? Of course not. Cathode Ray came about because nobody could pronounce my last name: Reagh (pronounced 'Ray') and most of my music is electric so I didn't want to be thrown into that huge void of acoustic-guitar toting singer/songwriters ... which, of course, is exactly what I am except that I lug around an electric guitar and am partial to the wah-wah pedal. I'm also notoriously difficult to work with, which explains why bands come and go on a monthly basis.

While growing up in the Maritimes, what Vancouver 'indie' bands were you aware of?

When I was growing up, indie music was a relative term. It seemed to include obscure, British post-punk bands as well as people who were actually putting out their own records. We kept up with what was going on in Britain more than in Canada or Vancouver. Unfortunately, Canadian music to us neophytes was Loverboy and Rush ... (let's not forget Nash the Slash who shared many a turntable with Devo).



Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Why is Cathode Ray only a two-piece band? You ask that like there's something wrong with me ... like I'm musically challenged? Is there some unwritten rule that bands must have bass players? Next thing you know, you'll be telling me I need a keyboard player or a string section. Not to jump

Discography:

Richard Reagh Half-Dozen of the Other 6-song CD-EP (1993), Richard Reagh Puppet Anger cassette (1994), Cathode Ray Cathode Ray CD (1997)

Contact info:

Cathode Ray c/o Richard Reagh, 527 East 30th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5V 2V7; cathode@downco.com, 604.874.6518.



Who are you (names, instruments played)?

Belinda, guitar; Jude, guitar; Gordon, drums and cymbals.

What the hell does your name mean? It's *aiouM* backwards.

State your purpose.

To fulfill.

Jude, what has happened to you between Grover Fur and the band we now call Mi Novia?

They kicked me out. The bass player ran off with

my girl and married her, and now I do this.

You played yer first gig in a cafe on Davie Street. Was it difficult fitting yer equipment into the place? Why do you think cafés are better to play than bars?

Why play to a bunch of drunken has-beens when you can play to sober has-beens in a café?

You guys use some incredible looking equipment: Harmony and Epiphone amps,

Gretsch drum set etc. Is there anything else left on yer want list?

A Clapper™.

Have you read any good books recently? Really?

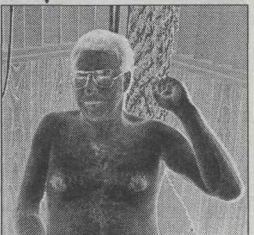
No.

Sweeney Todd were a local glam rock band circa 1975 that has gained fame for having Bryan Adams as a member but, really, their 1st album without him (and with Nick Gilder) is their best. By the way, on the second 'Todd' album, Bryan Adams successfully imitated Gilder's falsetto vocal stylings. Who are the 'Sweeney Todds' in your life?

I don't understand the term 'Sweeney Todd.' It's not in the dictionary.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

What's the worst advice we've ever taken?



Rob Dayton's advice that Jungle was a good band. We went to the Jungle/Copyright show the other night. Come on, Dayton! And Slow, what happened to Expo 86?

Contact name and address:

Mi Novia c/o 1002 Oak Street, Vancouver, BC, 604.732.6687.

mi novia

WHERE IS IT THAT YOU HEAR

What a mild winter we are having. Funny, yet natural, weather patterns are the common, reasonable explanation... and of that? Apparently, the cute, anthropomorphized El Niño has struck again, influencing meteorological events around the globe — sometimes, quite drastically. So it's out of our hands. According to this view, weather is only ambivalent and unpredictable, acting without intelligible reference and sense, following some uninterpretable natural sequence and structure. Weather is something above and beyond us. Its influence is one-way. We are at its whim. This interpretation finds obscure and ridiculous representation in the slick, cloying film *Twister*, for example. Granted, natural systems are vastly complex and I would stake no claim in comprehending the anomaly of such phenomenon, but one thing does seem clear and a little bit peculiar: this view uncomfortably rubs against environmental awareness, in that the latter requires at least some sense of participatory influence and agency in respect to the former. Maybe I am jumping to conclusions, as I am wont to do, but the past year's "funny" weather coincides with a chilling and remarkably open discussion of global warming on the part of governments internationally, yet this plausible connection receives no real attention. As such, do we thank El Niño for allowing us to have more patio parties and comfortable jogging weather, or do we recognize it as a possible example of the drastically changing ecosystem that our modern lifestyles are helping to abuse and deplete irrevocably? That is, we could consider El Niño's meteorological wake as a live approximation of possible future weather patterns, as a scale model of likely environmental opportunity to rethink our behavior and influence, in such regard.

I can provide no hard scientific evidence of my observation, of course, but to me, the tepid winter here and the earlier extreme flooding in the prairies, etc., does substantiate the forewarning signs of climatic change [of course this is happening globally, duh]. Maybe this is all just old news, for everyone knows about the environment, and so on. But how much do we really know? To be certain, not much as international government, which is so obviously playing dumb behind an extended phalanx of research scientists, and whatnot. If you think the media and marketers are a cynical bunch, not much beats the manipulative, absolutely calculating cooperative of science, government and twisted and twisting propaganda. The environmental connection cannot be found. Bold-faced lying takes on new heights of virtuosity and daring with these chumps, as with APEC. This is how I understand the recent round of "environmental concern" centered summits. It is all such ludicrous posturing and rhetoric, such gross mugging for the camera. They push the issue around, make promises and proclamations, but otherwise make sure not to upset any investors in any way. The bottom line rules supreme, everything else is superfluous, so fuck you.

This is not meant to just paint the age-old picture of a conspiratorial group of blowemovers, suited men, but this stereotype is not far from fact — these days, especially. I think it is a testament to the ideological savvy and control of such overt fraternities of profit-motivated cutthroats, that we commonly laugh off the suggestion that such real organizations have an unduly and increasingly unrestrained influence in the shape and course of the world. These people are powerful high-rollers, their will is done. Democracy can be damned, as well as the free market, even. Don't kid yourself otherwise, dear reader, this is definitely some form of capitalist aristocracy. It is bad enough when this axis of influence is mobilized behind the selling of ugly sports shoes or unsubstantial pop music, but proliferating environmental ignorance is profoundly low and with dangerous consequences. This transcends our pleasures, fashions and comparatively petty lifestyle politics. It involves the organic substance of our existence. How can profit and private property be an issue here when they are so often focused on simple, shortsighted opportunity? Yet such financially biased concerns are central to any higher order decision, grounding all actions and subsequent developments. This set of priorities is probably the only thing that "rattles down." To this extent, we have learned little to nothing from human history.

For the most part, I believe all us to be still severely uninformed about the environment, myself definitely included. This does not, however, absolve us of responsibility — quite the opposite. We should collectively pursue this information more diligently — it is more than valuable in obliging us to a necessary knowledge of this information, that should address the smallest parts of our lives, it should coincide with all our choices. And of course, the burden of establishing such a knowledge base and sense of responsibility should not be solely shouldered by only you and me. This should be very available information. The organizations of mass mis-information should be taken advantage of to help with this plan, rather than the reverse situation of our advantage being taken for more insidious purposes. And policy changes, ranging from new technology development to resource management, should follow accordingly. Contrary to the narrow, dominant world view and economic faith-system, there are undoubtedly many options available to us. If I seem a little simplistic here, you're right. I think the miserable fetishes for profit and property are standing in the way of

actually quite reasonable and basic questions. Our current social and economic system enormously limits our options in the articulation of environmental responsibility (and elsewhere too). The complexity of this problem is significant, but the basic issue of our misaligned priorities is comparatively small. Our manifold potential is not being fairly assessed, and our responsibility to the environment is being vastly understated.

It doesn't help that the notion of the environment, and that of nature generally, is a complex abstraction. Or that environmental "education" is so easily half done and self congratulatory and, most despicable of all, catered to by superficial marketing campaigns, which stage environmentalism as a set of discrete one-issue concerns (i.e., panda bears or rainforests). An easy way to begin to address such confusion is to emphasize the holistic nature of all things' relationships within the environment. It is multifaceted and reciprocal, constantly changing and interacting in a diversity of ways. We should take it somewhat for granted that the pace and scale of this interrelationship are often minute and slow, although also dramatically altered by our clumsy arrogance — remember Chernobyl and the Exxon Valdez. This is why I began by discussing El Niño. Not because I can scientifically substantiate a direct link here, but because of what it might imply and convey: what can we learn from all this? The weather is one interface with which we can all examine the consequences of our modernized presence on the earth. I still find it quite eerie that our beautifully colored sunsets are, in part, a result of industrialization. Global warming often developed with less spectacular displays, or at least nothing easy and blatant to indicate it specifically. However, it's happening nonetheless. A reasonable level of wear and tear is somewhat expected, but have we honestly made such an effort? That it has gotten even to this point is a moral travesty, an example of profound mass ignorance, and subsequently, of disgusting irresponsibility on the part of science, government and business. Yep, everybody is a little guilty.

While I am advocating an increased sense of environmental awareness, I am not also afflicting myself unconditionally with any form of retro-fitted and unwitting lifestyle parody, unbearable dogma subordination, doctrine of mastery, or superstitious, metaphysical delusions of Gaiadomo. I don't think any of that stuff is really necessary in order to be responsible to the environment (just as little as I believe you need to be into drum and bass to be cool, contemporary, urban and fashionable, or whatever). This conceptual and practical area could be re-envisioned, and taken over from the sickly, soft connotation it still inspires. In fact, such trite lifestyle options in extreme form can be a detriment to popular involvement, especially when social responsibility is concerned. However, for some reason people throw themselves more readily into things that appear dangerous and then pretend that their choice is apolitical; that this typical attitude is naively irresponsible hardly seems mentioning. Besides, the environment is all so much more commonplace. Window dressing is mostly unnecessary. The seriousness of the issues just needs to be articulated clearly and honestly. Most people would be able to comprehend the fundamental problems here and judge them fairly, if provided with adequate information and options. Although this is another complex situation that quickly transcends our individuality (as in psychology, however conceived of), yet that relies on an individual level of engagement, in order to progress. In fact, this leads me to remind you that environmental awareness can serve a useful conceptual purpose as well as a practical one, helping to relieve mythical postmodern anxiety and assist in washing away the self-absorbed quagmire of language traps in any form. But not as in any simple description of opposition, control, hockey metaphor only, or even complex dialectic, yes, even the dialectic can fit within the allowances of the environment, easily laying out its sequenced positions and motion.

A brief example of this model — still under work — progresses from these days uncomfortable notion, that the environment is a totalization. It provides a material unity that is ultimately imminent and intrinsically substantive through it, life can be. But it is not just a metaphysical other. It can be conceived as such, but only as a cognitive relief, a form for the intellect, with all its tricks and turns (thus, metaphysics). It is actual and indifferent to the intellect in any such only ideal sense. But it is deeply, organically compassionate, responding endlessly to interaction. Yet it has no need to continually subsume everything into its vastness because everything is the material of vastness already; it is not vast, it just is. All organic options are already laid out, all articulations and probabilities are already within it. As such, there is no possibility for absolute departure, but multiple options abound otherwise, giving ample exercise for consciousness and opportunity for praxis. Each instance dynamically interrelates to each other instance, referencing and resonating with change and permanence at once. Therefore, it is significantly also ambient, impartial even to our precious, human material death (meaningful death is a human obligation and preoccupation only, but it loops back into our conceived relationship with the world). But we cannot simply turn our back on this indifference and uncertainty. The unique mixture that accommodates our being can be easily upset, assuming

new, more exclusive and acrid formations, distasteful and inappropriate for our accustomed, fundamental requirements. In this way, it has a built-in moral reference for us to interact with and learn from. And although it has reasonably long term sustenance potential within it, it needs to be carefully and responsibly engaged with, in order to be humely useful and productive.

So, while it is humanly limited to the extent that it can and will change independently of our conscious desiring being, it can still be successfully lived within, but only in appropriate and sensitive response and deferral to its development and demands. This means more than just "reading" homeostasis, still a reductive human tool, encouraging the myth of manageability and, instead, establishing a relationship informed by the ongoing pulse and drift of nature. This is where our trouble starts and, sadly, ends, too: our operative ideology is too often one of control. In short, the basic lesson is that the more we give up — in terms of blindly selfish, usually destructive behavior — the more it will give in return. Anyway, you get the idea: it serves conceptually as a reminder of our material, interconnected involvement into something that is greater than any individual will, to which we owe the very opportunity of life, fractured or not. There's a lot to creatively take advantage of, of which this is only a meager, obvious beginning.

Back to the weather and a little doom and gloom melodrama. Of course, we've taken this bit for granted and now we must deal with the ensuing, messy and restrictive consequences. Now we are on the defensive. And so, I see just such a total unity coming, finally being recognized, although I take no pleasure in announcing it. This unity is in the air and water, playing out in the sky and land, moving into our bodies. You have all seen it and felt it. The dark, forceful ugliness this impending unity has assumed is all our fault. It is coming to us, surrounding us. We surely don't want it in this way. Sadly, its arrival is long in developing. It has already been part of our lives for some time, we were just ignorant, or most disturbingly of all, either forgivingly accustomed to its insidious presence, or convinced of its unavoidability, if not outright necessity. I wish we could have chosen to appreciate this unity in some other form, instead of having it arise from us now like a terrible essence — literally, a foul stench. We might be getting what we deserve. See you in the new millennium. Oh, and happy new year...

kitty p.

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manifold transsiberian

interview by stefan noodle

So this Danny Jones guy, huh. What up with him? Well, he's a busy guy in local music goings-on. Or should I say, outside local music goings-on? Who can say? It's hard to pin Danny down 'cause he's not operating by any common industry or system rules to which I can compare or pigeonhole him. The varied artists (such as Thatch, Manifold, Devoever, The Emptys) on his Transsiberian Music Company label suggest a mandate which avoids — or, rather, comments on — commercial and industry standards. He suggests releasing music for the sake of the music. Who would have thought? He's also a member of Manifold, who has released three albums over the past couple years. Their latest release, *Chesterfield Suite*, is an album recorded entirely with various chairs as the sound sources. Transsiberian's immediate future holds releases by Devoever, Manifold, and a compilation.

on transsiberian:

DISORDER: Does transsiberian try to support a particular genre?

Danny Jones: No. We've had reactions to it like that. Somebody in a recent review of the Devoever album was surprised that transsiberian would put out something pop-oriented like that, indie rock ... When we brought The Emptys CD to the head of Scratch Distribution, Keith, he was like, 'There might be some people in the States who like [Manifold's] *The Chesterfield Suite* and Thatch who might be a little bit like, "Whoa, where's the label going with this?"' I think if there's got to be some sort of

thread, it's quality. Definitely a side towards the more bizarre, outside sort of music. That's my personal interest: weirder, more experimental stuff. There is an element of commerce involved — we want to sell some records, too. I mean, I'm not gonna put anything out that I hate. Ultimately, I have to like it if I'm gonna consider putting it out. It doesn't necessarily have to be weird.

What was the reason for you starting up your label? Did you see a lot of local talent that wasn't being exposed, or was it more personal?

It was sort of between the two. It was a vehicle for Manifold to release our first tape — we made 60

copies of it and we gave most of them away. It's funny: there's this song that's been on CTR's indie home jobs chart that keeps recurring, [even though] the tape came out in '95 or '96. And with the Thatch release, it was stuff that was really valid, entertaining music. Who else is gonna touch this? It's so uncommercial, so unsellable. But if 60 tapes got some sort of a response, why not CDs, start a label, start something? And I'm well aware that they weren't gonna sell like hotcakes. It's just for me to put out stuff that I think is valid. I think the compilation is gonna show a really large spectrum of unknown stuff that is really great and wouldn't otherwise get heard.

I think it shows that you don't have to follow a formula to be released.

Yeah, good music is the final say. It doesn't have to be someone who's performing or anything. A band is one thing, you can play live, etc. But if you're just a recording artist and you're not interested in playing live, you can just record. If the music is good, a CD is just a format for listening to music.

Is the CD your main format?

I've thought about vinyl. I'm not against vinyl, but I like CDs — it's a great format. Unfortunately, CD

players are so lousy. The average person can't afford a decent CD player.

musical, totally instrumental. Who knows what'll happen after that.

So the next album will be composed songs?

We've always improvised. When we play live, we basically look back at the recordings and learn the recordings after the fact, to play live. All the recordings have been pretty much improvised and then edited later for continuity. We took the edited recording and learned how to play that, to reinterpret it live. It's always different, because nobody remembers exactly what they were doing. Basically, every time we've played live, we've played a completely different set. We don't play live very often. Because we like to improvise, it's sort of stressful to rehearse, trying to get a show together. It becomes less interesting to learn songs to play live. I've always wanted to go completely cold, not rehearse or anything. Just go to the show, set up, everybody bring what they want to bring, and just play and see what happens. If it's a disaster, oh well; it's only a show.

When you play live, do you feel a responsibility to connect with your audience?

It's half self-indulgence and half a comment on music — I think that's what Manifold is.

It's more a statement than it is a release?

It's vague. I don't know if I've ever had to sit down and define it like that. There's an element of humour that evades all of our work. Not really tongue-in-cheek but just sort of a reflection of a lot of noise music out there that's just harsh, harsh noise. Some of it's interesting for a little while, but I wanted to make a noise record that had some accessibility to it. The chair thing just came because there was this chair at the jam space.

Do you have a reference point? Are you inspired by certain composers or artists?

I love so much different music. I'm inspired by so much stuff. Inspired by music that comes from the heart and the mind. Music that's done truly for the sake of the music; it's not to be a product, to come out as a commodity. If you release music, it becomes that, but it can be so much more than that. It's not the package — how the CD looks, although you can go nuts with that too — but ultimately, it's putting the CD on and the sounds, the music, what hits your ears. Music is the one artifact that's better when you close your eyes.*

transsiberian discography:

manifold nexus western cassette • thatch a rival • devoever grand storm matinee • manifold chesterfield suite • emptys sea change

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SPECIAL THANKS to Bryce Dunn, Paul Kaneva, Megan Mallett, Chris Walters, and Brian Wieser.

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by julle colero

photos by richard folgar



Julle: [Can you tell me] the basics? Who you are, what you do, and why you do it. [Margaret ... Guy ...]

Margaret: ... And, on the records, we do pretty much everything down the middle; writing and engineering. Live, I mostly just sing and play guitar, sometimes a little bit of keyboards. Guy mostly plays samples, [and] sometimes a little bit of guitar. You're on Too Pure Records. Was that a conscious choice?

Margaret: Well, I've always been, on every record I've ever done ... I did one record on Creation, but ... I met Too Pure when they were just starting and I've been working with them for almost seven years now. We kind of started out together, I guess.

Do you do solo work as well?

Margaret: No. This is my second album with Laika and then I did another album on Too Pure with a band called Moonshake, back in 1992.

And now, folks, calamity strikes with mighty force ... the batteries in my tape-recorder fail and leave me with nothing of the next live to ten minutes but chipmunked, jumbly stuff. Thanks to the keen attentiveness of Margaret, however, the interview is salvaged, as I borrow batteries from good Photographer Richard and things get back on track ...

We were talking about Tricky, were we not?

Guy: I was remembering when I walked in [to the Starfish Room] that this was where Tricky first start-

ed turning all the lights out. It was the show where he kept having problems with his sound, right, and he was like, 'Turn the lights off!' So they turned the lights off. And then he was like, 'Oll' You, at the bar, turn that light off!' He wanted the whole place in pitch blackness. Ever since then, he's been doing that for most of his shows.

I heard that you guys have a bit more of an actual stage show.

Guy: With Tricky, it's a little bit more like him and Martina, and a backing band. That kinda thing. Whereas we're probably a little more ...

Margaret: ... of a band. That's the thing: our backgrounds are more in rock bands, way back when, whatever, ten years ago ... we just got a bit bored with it and got more into sampling and different types of music. I think that a lot of people that have been doing dance music feel the same way, but they're just bored of sampling, of taking a DAT out live ... They've been interested in getting a band together, but they don't know how to do it. They've never actually played in a band, played with other people. Maybe the way Tricky did things live ... I mean, he wasn't that interested in playing live. He had somebody else arrange [every-



thing]. He wouldn't even show up to rehearsals. It kinda showed. He was still really good, but I don't think he really understood what it meant to play live.

Guy: That's actually the great thing about us. A lot of the bands that we're compared to come from [a] hip-hop/dance [background] and they've gotten into something a little more organic. They maybe have more interesting vocals or something, and with us, it's much more coming from a rock background. Electronics come second.

When I heard '44 Robbers' [featured on the Too Pure compilation, Pop: Do We Not Like That?], it seemed so different from other music at the time — it wasn't rock, it wasn't techno, it was just somewhere perfectly in the middle ...

Margaret: That's kinda the concept, yeah. We like a lot of different stuff and we generally try and reflect that with a healthy dose of us thrown in as well. I think that a lot of people have a very magpie, postmodern approach to music now, which doesn't really work. It's like, they have a little bit of this and a little bit of that ... I hope that we do it with a little more feel. We have pretty diverse record collections and we'd like to reflect that. I tried to come up with a description of Laika for a friend, but there's really no one to compare you to ...

Margaret: We're less concept-oriented than, say, Portishead ...

Guy: We wouldn't want to paint ourselves into a corner ...

Have you had any luck with radio air-play? Any hits?

Margaret: Nah, no hits. It would be a nice thing if we did. We do a lot of touring, [but] not really high-profile tours ...

The relentless beating of the drums that is sound-check begins to take its toll, and we rush for a finish ...

Do you figure that, if you continue on as you're doing right now, eventually big things will happen?

Margaret: I sure hope so!

Guy: The potential's there ...

Your first record is no longer available in Canada.

Guy: You've no idea how depressing it is to put a couple of years of your life into an album and then have it just disappear. I'm quite sad about it, but I don't think it will happen with this [album], anyway.

Margaret: We'll see. Every record we've put out has been on a different label. This [Beggars Banquet] is my third major label in North America, and I'm kinda getting sick of it. It's really tedious, and I'm hoping that things will stabilize for a while. It's a stumbling block for us. People can't find the releases, nobody knows which label we're on, nobody knows when anything's going to come out. It's all kind of difficult ... difficult ... difficult ... DEPRESSING!

And now, as the interview nears its natural end, some divine force chooses to end it all just a tad earlier: my batteries died again, but this time, they took the tape of my interview with them. Unbelievable. I have never had worse luck with an interview, and with such an interesting band to boot! The gods were not smiling down on me, but hopefully, despite mass confusion, flooding, and other natural disasters we've all managed to learn a little bit more about the wonders of Laika ...



BAD NEWS

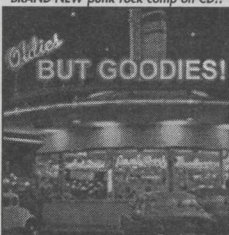
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HELIUM

Julie Colero vs. Mary Timory from Helium

Julie: I am the second person to attempt this interview; something went awry with the first one, but we're giving this another try today. When you were here in November with Syrup USA and Cornershop, most people expected Helium to headline ...

Mary: We were ... we played after [Cornershop], as headliners usually do ... we were co-headlining with them for the whole tour, yeah. We did headline that show, though.

You played after Syrup USA and before Cornershop ...

We did? OK, I forgot.

So you took turns on this last tour.

Yeah. Not anymore, though.

How many shows did you play with those two bands?

With Syrup USA, we played two weeks with them, all the way down to Arizona. We played about six shows with Cornershop.

When you did the Vancouver show, the set was great, but you didn't look like you were having all that much fun. Is that just the way you play, or were there other factors involved?

Um ... I don't know how to answer that. I'm sure I was having fun. I guess it just didn't look like it. You'd already played a show earlier that day at Zulu Records ...

I think I was probably just exhausted.

It must be hard, when you're trying to promote a new album, to be playing gigs all over the place and doing interviews nonstop.

It's pretty hard. That day we'd had a radio show, an in-store, I hadn't gotten to eat, and then we had to play the show. I was exhausted. I do remember having fun at that concert. I guess it didn't really show. The set was amazing—the last song blew

me away. It was a show that Vancouver had been looking forward to for a long time. It was neat to see so many good bands on one bill.

It was fun to play with both bands.

How did you hook up with those bands? Was it your record company's idea, or your own?

No, Syrup is from Boston and they're friends of ours, so that's how that happened. Cornershop, I think, was out [on tour] at the same time and I think our booking agents arranged that. It was just a convenient thing to do because they were out there and were going to be touring the same places.

How do you feel your new CD is doing, say, in comparison with your first one?

Pretty much the same ... it's selling a bit better. In terms of sales, do you mean?

In terms of feedback. How has it been received by the public?

I don't know. That's for other people to decide. From the press, I just try to ignore everything that's written about it. It's gotten some good reviews and there are some people who just don't get it ... I don't know. It's hard for me to say what it deserves because I can't really tell if it's good or not. I don't know what other people are going to think.

There was a long period of time between The Dirt Of Luck and The Magic City, so you obviously put quite a bit of time and effort into the new album. The creative process does it rest mostly on you, or on the band as a whole?

It's kinda both. This record was more of a shared endeavour, for sure, than the one before it. Ash [Bowie] and I co-wrote a lot of the songs.

Were you working on the Helium album at the same time as [Ash was working on] the new Polvo album?

We recorded the Helium album and then two or three weeks later, Ash had to go and do the Polvo record. It was pretty much the same time.

Does that make things more difficult for your band? Which band has priority?

I'm not sure. It makes our schedules slower, makes the bands' schedules slower.

But it's worth the extra effort to keep him in the band?

Yeah, definitely.

Now, I don't know how many other people stumbled upon this way, but the first time I heard your music was when I saw your video on Beavis and Butthead. Did you have any say in that, or did they just pick your video?

No, they just take it. You submit a video to MTV and they can do whatever they want with it. So I guess that's what happened.

On your latest album, I found a few good examples of heavy metal riffs. How do these fit in between all the magical, romantic bits? Are you the heavy metal fan?

[laughter] Well, I can see what you're saying. I can think of one guitar line that's kind of heavy metal—what were you thinking of?

About halfway through the album, on 'The Revolution of Hearts Parts One and Two.' Yeah, okay, that's what I was thinking of, too. Well, I don't know. I guess that it is kind of heavy. I don't know what it's supposed to be. There wasn't really any intention, other than just a melody or whatever. I guess that since I wrote the guitar part, that was my fault.

I'm not trying to blame you for anything horrible ...

I know ... just kidding.

There seemed to me to be a big difference between your two albums. The second one seemed more like a concept album than the first. Am I totally off-base?

This new one seems like more of a concept album?

Are you headed in any particular direction? Do you write each song individually, or with a greater concept in mind?

Individually. When we're putting the record together, a lot of the songs have similar themes. I don't know, though. This one, I guess people think it's a concept album because of the artwork. Why would you say it's a concept album?

There's a lot of recurring imagery. Words like 'devil' and 'teardrops' give it a really magical feel. It seems so other-worldly.

It's what I usually do when I'm writing the lyrics, without knowing it. A lot of the same symbols pop up in the songs. I guess it's just my vocabulary. After all the songs are done, I'll be looking back at them and I'll realize that there's a lot of similarities. It's definitely not intended. It just happens. It's my limited vocabulary. I'm not going to write songs about random things. I write about similar things. **So does it upset you if people see The Magic City as a concept album?**

No, I just think it's interesting. I don't really know what the definition of a concept album is. I guess it's something that people sat down and decided what it was going to be about. I guess that this is a concept album ... I know that there are concepts on it ... I wouldn't label it like that, but I can see how you could think that. You can go any direction with how you see the album. There's a lot of stuff about going into outer space or, let's see, underground. Those are scenes that are on a lot of Helium albums.

And that's just your way of seeing the world ...

Yeah, I guess so. I just know that making music, to me, is about that. It's about creating this new space, creating this other world to be in for a while. I guess it makes sense that the lyrics are about that, too.



Win!

Discorder Reader Survey

11 DISORDER

NEKO CASE

THE
Virginian



LET'S TALK ABOUT
HER BOYFRIENDS • MAOW • THE SADIES • THE USA



BY BRIAN WIESER



PHOTOS BY RICHARD FOLGAR





Arriving in Vancouver four years ago via Virginia, Florida and Washington, Neko Case brought immediate notoriety with her. She had already had a stint as cub's touring drummer, where she wound up in a couple of bar-room punch-outs in the southern United States involving unruly, misogynist patrons. In 1994, as part of the controversial ('cat-a-strophic,' read the review) *Shindig* battle-of-the-bands event, Neko was a drummer for the then-ovice, and eventually victorious, band Maow. Their garage-rock sounds and humorous approach to music met with extreme love 'em or hate 'em reviews. The next year, Maow went on to record a full-length record on Mint Records and later toured with the Hanson Brothers. In 1997, Neko recorded and released a fantastic country record as Neko Case and Her Boyfriends, titling it *The Virginian*, also on Mint. Not only was it acclaimed for its authentic, traditional country songs, but also for the talented performances by musicians from all across Canada, including Matt Murphy (formerly of the Superfriends), Carl Newman (of Zumpango and Superconductor), Rose Melberg (of Gaze and the Softies), Brian Connelly (formerly of Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet) and many others. Now, the best possible lasting impression is all a record and a live band like hers is only going to leave.

DISCORDER: Do you enjoy touring now as a part of your own thing more than as a part of a band [Maow]?

Neko: I actually prefer touring with Maow, just because nobody's more fun than Corrina and Toby. They're willing to do things most human beings are not.

Like what?

I don't know, get naked, and get [a] photo taken in a hot tub — well, it was actually a bath tub. Just stuff like that. It sounds retarded and it's completely hard to explain, but nobody's as much fun as the ladies. Not to slag the guys, because they're great too ... they're just used to being on the road, [and] they don't get as excited as we do.

Another thing you've gained notoriety for was *Shindig*. Were those the first shows that you played with Maow?

They were some of the first shows. I think we won because we were appallingly bad and pretty hilarious about it. We knew we were bad ... and we were unapologetic about it and we had a really good time. We weren't there to win and we didn't think we'd win. We were just playing because we wanted to play some shows. And then we won and people were mad at us, most notably the editor of *DISCORDER* at the time, which made us really mad, because we just won your contest and now you're going to slag us in your magazine? We were a little mad about that — but it's okay now, we don't care any more.

Maow is still together, right?

We are still together, [but] we haven't done much lately.

Are there any plans for more [with Maow], or are you going to see how this [touring and supporting *The Virginian*] goes?

We don't really know what we're doing. We're not really a serious band. We play because it's fun and we do it when we feel like it. I can't speak for the other ladies.

So who's in your band right now?

The band is actually a band called the Sadies, from Toronto. There's a guy named Dallas Good who played with me on my last tour. He's one of my best buddies in the whole wide world. He's normally in Phonocomb and a band called Maker's Mark and he plays with his dad's band the Good Brothers sometimes. His brother Travis is in the band. He usually plays with his dad's band and a guy named Sean Dean [S] playing bass. [He] is in a band called the Atomic 7 with Brian Connelly from the Shadowy Men, [and] they're going to be putting a record out soon. Everyone should be excited about that because you know it's going to be amazing. And also [playing with me], a guy named

Mike Belitsky, who normally plays in the Vies, who used to be called Jale.

He's a fellow American?

Well, he's half and half, you see — he has no problems at the border.

Did you have any problems at the border? Because most Canadians bands complain about problems.

I find the American side going back in to be particularly annoying, but I never have problems getting into my own country and I never have problems getting into Canada because I have a visa. Rock 'n' roll is illegal, just don't ever try to cross the border and play it. We've had really bad experiences in Maow trying to get over the border.

What was the worst one?

Just getting arrested ...

You got arrested?!

Oh yeah, they were going to throw us in jail. They were going to give me a felony charge of piracy.

Piracy? For what?

For trying to get someone into the country to work, even though that's not what we were doing, and we ended up just thinking the whole thing was so hilarious because it was so ridiculous.

Neko the Pirate?

Yeah, I would have been in prison for five years, apparently. I thought, 'Oh please, put me in prison, go ahead, I'm in a rock 'n' roll band that never makes a dime.'

The rest of your band lives in Toronto and you live here. How does that work?

Well, it doesn't, really. I went out to Toronto and I practiced with them for about three days and then we played Toronto, which was alright, and then we played Chicago, which wasn't so good because I partied a little too hard the night before and was out of breath and nervous. Basically, when I get out of school [this spring], I'm going to move to Toronto for the rest of the year and make a new record and be with them because that's what I really want to do.

At the CD release show last summer, you had two days of rehearsals?

Three days. I was so nervous at that show and the sound was so bad, incredibly terrible. I don't usually get nervous — I've been nervous a couple of times singing live — and that was one, Chicago was the other.

Had people that you know seen you singing country music before?

No, just singing in Maow, but it's not the same thing.

Matt Murphy is all over the record. How did that happen?

I met him a while ago. I was told by friends of his that he was a really great country player

and that I should get him to play on my record, so I phoned him and he said he would do it. He happened to be here during the time we were recording, so it worked out perfectly. And he might come out and play on the show on [March 13th] too, because we're on our way down to South by Southwest [a music festival in Austin, Texas]. So the Sadies are touring west and meeting up with me in Edmonton and we're going south from there [and] hopefully Matt will be with us. He's undecided as yet, but I hope he wants to come.

He played as part of your backing band in Halifax, didn't he?

He did. That was one of the funnest shows I've ever played in my life. It was kind of a mess, but it wasn't, because we had three days' rehearsal, again. But there were points on stage where Matt would be laughing so hard that he would collapse to the ground. It was a really good time. Matt's one of those people I really enjoy performing with because he really, really enjoys it and you feel so accompanied on stage and you really feel like you're playing with someone else. I know that sounds ridiculous, but sometimes you feel like you're all by

CBC and college radio have done everything possible for the record, which I can't thank them enough for. Country and western radio stations refuse to play my record, which makes me incredibly furious.

Why do you think this music will not get played [on commercial country radio]?

Because they don't have the balls to play actual country music on country radio. 'Junior' [JR] Country in Vancouver and CISS-FM in Toronto just refuse to play it and they give me real bullshit answers about why they won't, too. The Americana stations in America love it. It's nice that they'll play it down there. I don't know if it'll do better down there than here or not. I don't think we could possibly do any better in Canada and it makes me feel good because I've spent the last four years of my life here and I don't want to leave. The fact that people enjoy it makes it all that much harder to leave, but I don't really have a choice because my visa's going to run out.

You sing and drum at the same time, right?

I do. [It's] something that took me years to learn. I know I will never master it.



yourself on stage. He has a very commanding personality and it's really fun to play with him. You mentioned you're playing SXSW and you played CMJ and other events last year. How's it being received in the States?

It was received really well in the States. I ended up getting a licensing deal with a label called Bloodshot in Chicago and then when I played Chicago, I ended up getting a really good booking agent and possibly some management, so it's been going good in the States. We've been getting really good reviews. It's going to be released there in February and then we'll be touring there all year, probably.

Is there any commercial radio station that will touch this?

Did you ever consider drumming as a part of the country music that you're playing?

No, I'm far too poor of a drummer to be wrecking the music of my current band.

Modest, too!

No, I'm not a very good drummer. I can't say that I'm a horrible drummer because I like it. Hopefully I make it look like I'm having a good time, because I am. It's the funnest thing in the world, but I'm no Sheila E.

If you were Sheila E, who would be Vancouver's Prince?

That's hard to say. Probably Kleinz from Sister Lovers and Jungle. I think he's already Vancouver's Prince whether I'm Sheila E or not.

Neko Case and Her Boyfriends play the Starfish Room with the Sadies on March 13th.



The following excerpts were culled from the Marquise De La Claire's extensive personal correspondence.

"Would the anthropologists in the audience please stand up? You gentlemen — and ladies — might be amused by the Golden Institute's satirical take on your favorite pastime: eavesdropping for scholarly purposes. *Sounds Of The San Francisco Adult Bookstores* is a collection

of field recordings deemed exotic enough to merit the inclusion of a complimentary Kleenex and a warning label. Tape recorder in hand and intent coiled firmly around the staff of knowledge, daring ethnographer and narrator Ryan Kerr pursues cultural insight in America's jungles of vice and deserts of virtue. What Mr. Kerr finds there is not for me to disclose — let he who is truly motivated by scholarly interest listen for himself. (Planet Pimp Records, 45-1800 Market St., San Francisco, CA, 94102) "Is no one serious about art anymore? Everywhere I look, people are shrugging off the responsibility of authorship by claiming irony as their taskmaster and Deconstruction as their de-

sign. Music sung in praise of the majesty of Creation seems a thing of the past and in its place, we are given the pseudonymous fumbblings of upstarts and self-styled revolutionaries. Why, as we speak, oriental bandits **ZENI GEVA** have pillaged the works of **AC/DC** and are trotting out their own smirking rendition of 'Let There Be Rock.' As if this indignity were not enough, they are supported by **PALACE CONTRIBUTION**, whose phoney-tender version of 'Big Balls' destroys the song's former dignity. Whatever commentary these brigands hope to produce could, this writer feels, be found by more honourable methods than the ransacking of tradition. (Skin Graft, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL, 60625)

"How ambitious the young ladies are these days! During my happy years at school, we considered it a full term if we managed to sneak in a few games of cards between Gloucon lessons. The delicate creatures behind

Free To Fight are so dedicated to the elimination of violence against women that they have initiated a series of educational 7" records with which to strengthen and inspire the female sex. Now, whereas the Free To Fight interactive CD project of yore concentrated on violence perpetrated by men, this first 7" with have as their focus violence between women. The world-famous **SLEATER-KINNEY** provides one very exciting song, but I fear its presence may overshadow the dashing **CYPHER IN THE SNOW**. I advocate Cypher's 'Blame The Victim' because it more directly addresses the issue at hand. (Conduys, PO Box 42382, Portland, OR, 97242)

"Longhairs and gaminers stake out their respective territories on the bloodied battlefield of garage fetishism on this, the third volume of *Misty Lane's* **Unseen Scene** anthology. The thirteen **GNOSTICS** play their distorted tremolo-pop in a key and a tempo equally suited to 33 and 45 rpm. **THE POLYESTER EXPLOSION** demonstrate admirable poise and ability in the manufacture of instrumental — surf music. **KNURLINGS**, the first of the roundhead contingent, enjoy themselves thoroughly on 'We've Been Repaired' but suffer from a cathartic vocalist. And, finally, the loopy **POLARIS** impressed me with their exceptional take on his overdone genre. (*Misty Lane*, 107, 197 Redpath Ave., Toronto, ON)

"One would think that, in this enlightened age, a young man needn't make excuses for displaying his less aggressive side. After all, there is no shame in behaving like a mature adult rather than a sullen toddler. Nonetheless, Matty, one half of the **MATTY & MAX** acoustic pairing, insists upon making light of his digression from the path of 'punk rock' — whatever that may be. Between songs, Matty appeases a rowdy audience with the assurance that he is still a bad boy and that his songs remain, even without amplification, about 'getting loaded and fucking bitches.' Maxwell Carlton seems less torn between ascribed allegiances than his friend and lingers guiltlessly over his country-ish ballad. (Probe, PO Box 5068 Pleasanton, CA, 94566)

"Finland is, at least among neighbouring kingdoms, already the butt of many jokes and I would be loathe to add myself to the list of taunters; however, when a native Finn attempts to speak or sing in English, the resulting accent is so charming that laughter is impossible to suppress. The Finnish girls in **THEE ULTRA BIMBOOS** (yes, two 'o's), although dressed

not unlike tiresome English harpies **Fluffy**, fortunately sound more like a Lawrence Welk attempt at rockabilly. Adorable! The **Bimboos'** male counterparts, **THE ORIGINAL JEFFREY JAMES QUARTET**, follow a similar musical route. How amusing, those Finns! (Trashcan, 22 Meigs St., Rochester, NY, 14607)

"The perennially paired **BUNNYGRUNT** and **TULLYCRAFT** have already won the hearts of many in the saccharine scene. I fear I am not a convert, although I can appreciate the off-key allure of such sweet pop songs as Bunnygrunt's 'No Name Slob.' Tullycraft, on the other hand, despite the strong echoes of an early **Velvet Underground**, make me feel vaguely uncomfortable. Cursed happy people! (KinyBoo, PO 135043, Irving, TX, 75015-5043)





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matters

KEVIN CANTY
Into The Great Wide Open
(Vintage)
GU XIONG
The Yellow Pear
(Arsenal Pulp Press/
Burnaby Art Gallery)
**ANN-MARIE
MACDONALD**
Fall on Your Knees
(Vintage)
CARMEN RODRIGUEZ
And a Body to Remember
With
(Arsenal Pulp Press)

February is both a month wherein we celebrate love — St. Valentine's Day — as well as being reputed as the coldest month in the year in the northern hemisphere. Thus, it's the perfect time to talk about families.

Kevin Canty's *Into the Great Wide Open* is quintessentially a story of first love. Instead of a Wonder Years repeat or base titillation, it examines the '80s-protagonist, Kenny, as he escapes from scholastic failure and family drama through pot-smoking, heavy drinking, and real or imagined sex. Nothing typical there, save his father's

an alcoholic and his mother's an institutionalized schizophrenic. His paramour, Junie, is a depressed and misunderstood young artist. Again, nothing odd there. Difference is, she has the



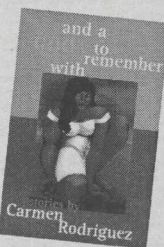
label of school lesbian etched on her permanent record and she is actually talented. Fantasy-laden beginnings launch an expedition in to the vagaries of sexuality, possibility and reality. Canty switches viewpoints to provide

the reader with the fullest understanding of his characters' environment, with third-person omniscient asides to highlight the worst errors. So doing, he evades the abyss of mediocre melodrama and shows a wisened understanding of society, which granted *Into the Great Wide Open* the honour of New York Times Notable Book of the Year.

Ann-Marie MacDonald's *Fall on Your Knees* relates the tale of a Cape Breton family over four generations as recounted by its members. The sense of period detail is immaculate, with prejudices and problems appearing without rationalization or critical justification. Deeds, their methodology, and their consequences are revealed gradually to evince the truly damnable nature of their progenitors — murderers finally aware of their guilt. Revenge and retribution are abetted by the lies each member of the family tells themselves. Hints to the burial plots are given, which the reluctant reader will deny until the evidence is overtly declared and the crime admitted. MacDonald's careful and compelling prose

transcends simplistic human fascination for the grotesque. Events are revealed to characters from memories intentionally long-forgotten and the mysteries concerning the family's demise are revealed as the leaves enshrouding the family tree are blown away by truth.

In her collection of short stories, *And a Body to Remember* With, **Carmen Rodriguez** examines how families, friends, and individuals coped with the dislo-



cating repercussions of the Pinochet regime. Frank yet poetic, this self-translated work — also published in Spanish by a Chilean company — conveys both the exquisite lyricism of the Spanish language and the otherwise indescribable horrors of the military dictatorship. Disconnection, both observed as well as desired,

is expressed by the exiled, those who remained, the tortured, and those who returned. Rodriguez makes the unpalatable evocative by her honest portrayal of loss, whether of faith, loved ones, or homeland. This is definitely a must for those who want to understand the loss of national identity through tyranny. You might also be interested in *Nunca Mas: A Report by Argentina's National Commission on Disappeared People*, published in English by Faber and Faber.

Another work that considers disconnection from society is **Gu Xiong's** *The Yellow Pear*, a series of short passages set beside his own drawings. These act as a chronological travelogue of his family's acclimation to Canadian culture after having emigrated from China. Deprivation, suffered both in China and after



arriving to Canada are contrasted with Xiong's current condition, illuminating the gradual process of adaptation to a frighteningly different society. Throughout the work, however, there is the expression of hope which is best illustrated through his own art: these pieces remove everyday objects and place them within the context of divergence. Xiong's short missives are almost postcards that ponder transition and are a true, modernised retelling of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*.



kinetoscope

Béla Tarr retrospective
The Pacific Cinematèque
March, 1997

One of the truly great directors working today, Hungary's **Béla Tarr** finally got some slightly more widespread attention in 1996-1997 when a retrospective of a good portion of his work toured Europe and North America. The show pulled into town for a couple of weeks at the Cinematèque, giving Vancouver audiences their first taste of Tarr's masterful work (to my knowledge). Earlier works, such as *Almanac of the Fall*, were impressive but showed Tarr to be a director still searching for a filmic language. *Almanac of the Fall* has a certain derivative quality to it, bringing to mind some of Fassbinder's chamber melodramas, strangely enough.

Later works, such as *Dam-*

nation and *Satantango* [Tarr's magnum opus], reveal a director at the height of his powers, controlling the tempo and the mise-en-scène of his films in a way reminiscent of **Dreyer**. Much of the appeal of these films comes from watching Tarr's hyper-realist narratives unfold — at an incremental pace. Although Tarr's fascination with the most banal elements of his characters' lives has a way of giving one the impression that these films are "plotless," inevitably these films contain a singular moment which brings everything into focus, which transforms loose, seemingly rambling, narratives into complex, highly-structured wholes — wholes which nonetheless possess a rarely-paralleled "naturalness" to them. The results can hit you like an epiphany.

THE SWEET HEREAFTER
Dir. Atom Egoyan

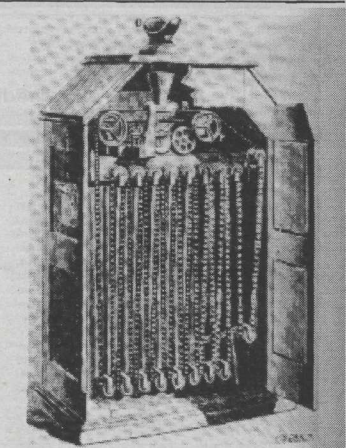
I have to admit that after *Exotica* was worried. The film's "crossover" success (art-house and mainstream/Canadian and American) and America's titillation with its sexual desires and obsessions had me thinking that Mr. **Egoyan** would be steered into becoming the new **Verhoeven**. Talk that Egoyan had been "snatched up by the majors" had me imagining films that were bigger, splashier, more



"postmodern," more spectacular, "sexier." Wisely, Egoyan instead opted to make a film that is "smaller," more intimate, more understated. The results are impressive: Egoyan's film is rich and moving (for instance, his use of "the Pied-Piper of Bremen" creates resonances both poignant and chilling throughout much of the film).

Seen within Egoyan's larger body of work, so that its intertextuality is given full sway, the film sends shivers: for instance, Bruce Greenwood's transformation from his role in *Exotica* to his role here is fascinating; the characters couldn't be any further apart, but somehow the fact that they're both widowers and grieving fathers keeps them strangely, disconcertingly, inseparable. My only serious gripe: both of the scenes where the lawyer was confronted by his estranged daughter via cellphone — although obviously vital to the overall narrative — had a falseness to them that was nearly made-for-TV-movie-esque.

I CONFESS
Dir. Alfred Hitchcock
LE CONFESSIOANAL
Dir. Robert Lepage



The Pacific Cinematèque
August, 1997

One of the best double-features I've ever seen. Although it is hardly necessary to know Hitchcock's *I Confess* [which might be a lesser-known work, but is nonetheless excellent] in order to "fully ap-

preciate" *Le Confessionnal*, familiarity with *I Confess* gives one an even greater understanding of *Le Confessionnal*'s narrative structure and somehow makes the latter an even more impressive film. Believe me. •
A. Nalpas



realiveaction

**MPXK
BRACKET
RESET**

**Saturday, November 29,
1997**

Starfish Room

This is supposed to be a review of the **MxPx/Bracket/Reset** show at the Starfish Room. However, due to some headfist, it's not.

I love Bracket. They are easily one of my favorite bands. I was unable to see them the first time they played Vancouver because I was too young. I have waited a long, long time to see them live.

They started out awesome. They had a tonne of energy and were flowing along quite well. While their albums offer a generous portion of mellow mixed in with the fast, their live set seemed to focus on the fast end of the spectrum. They were playing well. I was enjoying myself. Others seemed to be enjoying themselves, too. What the fuck happened?

About four or five songs in, some loose hurled a pint glass at the stage. The glass bounced off a light fixture, shattered, and whacked the singer right on the top of his head. Naturally, he stopped

playing and walked off the stage. The rest of the band packed it in and walked off as well. I don't blame them. To make matters worse, people started heckling Bracket. What the fuck? People are stupid.

Shit like this does nothing to attract bands to Vancouver. Stand up for your scene. Next time you see something like this, do something. Assault charges are hard to pin on a nameless face in the crowd.

I was shocked when Bracket came out and played a song in the middle of MxPx's set. The audience was treated to a Bracket/MxPx/SNUF hybridized version of "2RKA005." I wouldn't have done it. I guess they have more class than me.

Dave Tolani

**HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA
Tuesday, December 9, 1997
Vancouver East Cultural Centre**

Aaah, a blustery night consisting of Commercial Drive 93 cent pizza and the mind-expansive sound of the contemporary jazz band, **The Hard Rubber Orchestra**. Both

are contradictions within themselves, yet so complementary to each other. The two events were complete mosaics of flavour worthy of the finest connoisseurs of their intended audience. Fortunately, I will speak on the latter of the two (though there was a spinach, feta and sun-dried tomato slice I must mention).

As we sat down, our conversation was distracted by **S'mother**, the pre-show to the Hard Rubber Orchestra. This was a three-piece ambient music display consisting of a DJ, a drummer, a fidgeting guitarist and various oscillating devices. Quite a treat for the auditory senses.

Then the musical behemoth known as **The Hard Rubber Orchestra** arrived on stage. They began with their arrangement of animated, rhythmic fireworks, purposefully mistimed horns, swirling drum patterns, and an energy that bombarded your understanding of formulated musical structure. Contemporary jazz warms the soul and this ensemble of well-known Vancouver talent does it well. Under the leadership of conductor/composer/trumpeter **John**

Korsrud, this 17-piece ball of musical destruction dares to dance through the unexpected, tearing at the relatively simplistic and immature music our culture finds secure in.

After the first intermission, three films were shown by Montreal filmmaker **Jean Piche**. Unfortunately, I was under the impression that the band was going to be playing while the visual display was going on. Granted, the films were very good, but I was in the mindset (simply put) to hear things, not see things. These were quite enjoy when the third film began to play and I could detect that others in the audience felt the same way. It's kind of difficult to make such a transition when you have just been engrossed in an interactive activity as intense as the Hard Rubber Orchestra. And they are very interactive; indeed, they try to play with those emotions welded in your ears. And within a couple of hours, The Hard Rubber Orchestra takes these actual emotions, grabs them, and then they make them silly, puny, lights them on fire and laughs at them. Then they put them back as tidy as they were found and sends you with a swift pat on the back, back into the cold December rain.

Cookie Hashbary 2

**G-LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE
Saturday, December 13, 1997**
Starfish Room
The Starfish Room on Saturday the 13th was loud and fast and acellating. And it was coming from just one guy. And he only had one acoustic guitar and a couple of

**G-LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE
Saturday, December 13, 1997**
Starfish Room

The Starfish Room on Saturday the 13th was loud and fast and acellating. And it was coming from just one guy. And he only had one acoustic guitar and a couple of

power chords. But the guy was big and bald. And he was telling stories too. And the stories were accelerating fast. In fact, they were accelerating exactly as fast as the music. And you could tell that the guy was serious, even about his silly stories. And so the crowd surrounded **Hamell on Trial** with open mouth, while the man spoke, informed, asserted, ranted and howled in mesmerizing crescendos. And they watched him even while he quit talking and simply played as long and as loud and as fast as he wanted. And they would all breathe a sigh of relief and applaud.

I will never forget the story of how **Hamell** got belted by **John Lennon** because **Hamell** is a fabulous storyteller with a good ear for audience anticipation and he gets really worked up.

G-Love and Special Sauce? Well let's just say that G-Love is one sick cat, with a pretty slick posse he's got two identical backup singers that **Robert Plant** would be proud of! Predictably, the show was never quite funky, but always groovy and certainly not a disappointment for the sold out crowd.

Sara Minogue

**PORTISHEAD
DJ MURPHY
Saturday, December 13, 1997**

Rage
To me, **Portishead** music has always been ideal background filler. Their first album, **Dummy**, was all of ways on high rotation whether it

be for study accompaniment, mel-mood evenings or as cafe fill-in beats for those uncomfortable silences. But in all that time I never once actually sat down with the sole purpose of listening to the Bristol-based band.

The support act that greeted my arrival was the first shock that I suffered. It was **DJ Andy Smith** who was busy scratching funny beats, slip-cuing his pleasures away in front of a wide-eyed audience. It is only when you watch someone perform their musical talents that you can fully appreciate them and that night, the DJ sounds which I've often dismissed as lacklustre indifference suddenly took on a whole new form. My enjoyment was only dampened by worrying about the similarity between this and **Portishead** — an incredibly naive thought in retrospect.

It was only after **Portishead** launched into their set that the pieces started to come together. One, and sometimes two, record scratches added the unique sound to the live drum, guitar, bass, double bassist, keyboardist and vocalist — an element which is so easily overlooked when indulging in the **Portishead** audio experience. It simply amazed me how the individual sounds combined to form the songs that had become so familiar. It was a pure live experience.

The music made the show and the show will make their music for me in the future. Absolutely phenomenal

Daniel Abrahams

basslines

by dj noah (djnoah@direct.ca)

Usually, when you think of ambient electronic music, names like **Future Sounds Of London**, **The Orb**, **Tangerine Dream**, and even **Brian Eno** come to mind. Another artist, perhaps less well known here in Vancouver, is **STEVE ROACH**. Originally born in San Diego, he has since moved to Los Angeles and now resides in Tucson, Arizona. He has been recording and performing electronic soundscapes for over 20 years and has gained many new fans with the release of *On This Planet*, his latest full-length release. The following is part of an on-air interview between myself and Steve, which aired live on CTR, November 28th, 1997.

Noah: Even though your first instrument was a synthesizer, you don't limit yourself to electronic gear, do you?

Steve: I really find that particular instruments, such as the did-

gerido, can bring another powerful and emotional aspect to the music, whereas I think electronic-based music can be, sometimes, pretty emotionless. While that can be good, I like to be able to crossover and create this sort of hybrid sound using both real and electronic instruments.

Do you prefer to use certain instruments as is, and others you channel through effects processors?

To me, the didge played dry is not a sound that I am drawn to. I am always running it through the *Lexicon* reverb and creating a 'big screen' image. It's much more powerful when, for example, it has a long reverb time and you're playing the harmonics and it's ringing out on this large scale. I'm also constantly creating new loops on stage which sometimes lead to this '400 mile wide sound' that just envelopes you.

Because of the amount of

gear you use, do you spend more time in the studio rather than playing live?

I love playing live, but it is a lot of work. I have a fairly compact system now, that I can travel with, and it makes me feel more liberated than ever — as far as not having to drag around the old analog and mpeg stuff. I don't want to be a robot just playing back a lot of presets and stuff, so the gear I travel with allows me to have spontaneous control over the sound.

Does religion play a part in your music and/or in your life?

Well, let's just say that I have my own path that doesn't subscribe to any particular religion. There's a feeling that I have always felt connected to since I first became conscious of the ability to be a creative person. **Why is your studio called The Time Room?**

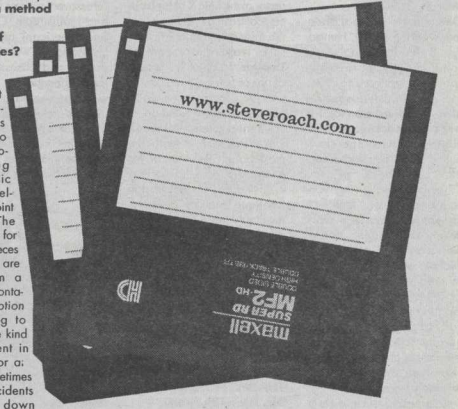
It's like my sanctuary where I can feel completely safe and it's

tuned to the kind of zone that I want to be in when I'm working with the tools. When I'm in that zone, there's quite often this feeling of suspended time where I feel like I walked in the room 20 years ago and just came out today, or I walked in two minutes ago and I've come out 20 years ago. I just feel like when I'm in the creative process, that I'm slipping around in time and I don't know where I'm going to end up.

Is there a method to the writing of your pieces?
It isn't freeform, but it isn't writing either. It has more to do with approaching the music from an elemental point of view. The foundation for all of the pieces is that they are born from a kind of spontaneous eruption of wanting to make some kind of statement in one way or another. Sometimes happy accidents send you down

another road or you do a turn and the entire song changes. **You used to do mountain biking and motocross. How does electronic music fit in with such adrenaline-filled sports?**
Well, I haven't done motocross for several years now, but they would feed my soul and keep me healthy. At the same time, the state of mind that I arrive at through the biking or some type

of adrenaline-based activity has a very similar quality to the state I achieve through my music. Being in the zone, so to speak, where time seems to slow down or speed up, and certain awarenesses become focused and really present and clear. The common ground is that sports, drugs, alcohol, or music can all bring the 'addict' to that state of mind that they crave, they just do it by different means.*





Under review

ANIMALS ON WHEELS Designs And Mistakes (Ninja Tune)

Right from the opening lines of "Good evening ladies and gentlemen," you know this is a phenomenal album. Mind you, what also could be expected from the likes of the Ninja Tune clan? *Designs And Mistakes* is an album of quirky drum beats laid over lushly organic ambience and nifty horn samples. The album is less a collection of songs than it is a concept. The jazzy drum 'n' bass lines in "Toasted Bot Bop" ferry the groove straight into the more laid-back "Soluble Ducks" without creating a break between the two tracks. Similar transitions are found throughout the album, and Mistake's smooth sailing from the beginning and the end of this ocean of sound. Drum 'n' bass fans beware: once you've heard this album, you may never go back to anything you listened to before. It's that good.

Patrick Gross

BIOSPHERE Substrata (Thirsty Ear)

My position on Geir Jøssens' latest release as *Biosphere* may have been influenced somewhat by its meticulous packaging and Norwegian origins, but I remain firmly convinced that this recording is intended to acoustically simulate the sensation of freezing to death.

Though perhaps not in order, all the stages are presented: tingling extramities, numbness, delirium, the peaceful slowing down of the pulse, and an overwhelming awareness of the minute of sounds present in the glacial tomb. "Antennaria's" marimba mimics the lingering drip of cavernous icicles — or perhaps the sole surviving member of a Gamelan ensemble struggling to finish the performance before he joins his inanimate comrades. "Sphere Of No-Form" is, to me, the sound of glaciers sliding over ice, destroying and recreating the shape of a continent.

I could end this review with a stupid pun about "chill-out music," but I will not.

Barbara Andersen

BRAND NEW SIGN Diddley Squat (Creative Man)

Diddley Squat's cover suits its music, with its immense colour and energy. It's easy to get carried away with *BNV's* fast tempo, energetic funk. You can't prevent yourself from humming along every now and then because even if you haven't heard the album much, it's instantly catchy and familiar sounding. This is definitely the CD to drum your hands to.

Song number 29, "Deep

Freeze," begins with a double into style hit in the face — I got drawn in, and drawn in fast, with this one. I love the beginning of song five, "Ashole, Stereo Control Freak," with its rhythmic guitar followed by a drum introduction in a tight pulse.

I really liked this CD and want others to support *BNV* because they deserve the praise, after all ... just don't have sugar before listening to *Diddley Squat*.

Ush

CONGO NORVELL Abnormals Anonymous (Jeset)

Damell It's been a while (their last release was 1994's *Songs to Remember*), but this CD is, yet another fine release from *Congo Norvell*. Kid Congo Powers, Sally Norvell, and Jim Salvonus (ex-Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, and a some time *Bad Seed*) are still at the core of this outing, but they've surrounded the band with a somewhat expanded line-up

[more musicians, more instrumentation] and they've even got a "celebrity guest-star," Mark Eitzel, collaborating with them on a few cuts. The album seems to be a tribute to the memory of Jeffrey Lee Pierce (of *Guns Club* and Jeffrey Lee Pierce) in part, as the album opens up with a lovely cover of Pierce's "She's Like Heroin To Me" and a later cut — "Body and Soul" — is listed as "for J.L. Pierce."

Otherwise, *Congo Norvell* is still specializing in a kind of neo-cabaret style that can be eerie, atmospheric, lurid, erotic and (melodramatic): "Johnny in the Bourdier" focuses on lust/murder/rock 'n' roll in a way that calls to mind *Nick Cave* except that *Congo Norvell's* sensibility is decidedly more melodramatic, even Sirkian — fittingly, explicit reference is made to *Imitation of Life*. "Candy" finds Sally Norvell at her most erotic — fittingly, explicit reference is made to *Imitation of Life*. "Candy" finds Sally Norvell at her most erotic — fittingly, explicit reference is made to *Imitation of Life*.

"Brother Jack" is a showcase of Kid Congo Powers' formidable guitar prowess amongst showcases. Finally, the album finishes up on a perfect note with one of the gang's ("Dr. Zhivago") playing a rousing accordion number (reinforcing that cabaret/bistro feel of theirs) that stutters, stops, and then explodes into fits of drunken laughter.

Joe Bloggs

FIELDS OF CLOVER #2 zine (halfsize, \$2 pp.)

The Lower Mainland is tingling with lots of zines and writers but unfortunately, their stuff is poorly distributed, overlooked or lost in piles of well ... zines. Also, zines aren't being read or taken as seriously

as they were about two or three years ago. I happened to find this issue of *Fields of Clover* buried in the boxes at Washout Records.

Stefan, the writer of this particular zine, has written a lot in this issue. His writing tends towards the personal/political axis of composition and it is truly honest and engaging, often resulting in multiple pages of thoughts on any topic in particular. Sure, Stefan shows his views on typical zine topics (vegetarianism, capitalism, depression, etc.) in that all too familiar "rant" style, but he steps passed these boundaries when he covers some unfamiliar ground and goes in depth. Plus, it contains some interesting thoughts on daily life that we get used to. I can't say I agree with everything coming from *Fields of Clover* in the future. [Send a buck to Stefan at Willowbrook Postal Outlet, 19705 Fraser Highway, PO Box 93009, Langley, BC, V3A 8H2.]

Jack D.

GOLDEN LAKE DINER Letters Home (Sonic Union)

Golden Lake Diner display a pretty generic form of "indie rock," judging from this CD. The album is released on Sonic Union records out of Hamilton, Ontario. The music resembles that of Ottawa's *Wooden Stars*, but I was disappointed with their vocals, as they're far too inanimate. The guitar playing, on the other hand, is very interesting and unique — maybe they're just not used to another band, or if he sings ... stop singing. It's not bad, but not good either.

Gretel

HARMONIA 76 Tracks & Traces (Rykodisc)

And everything old is new again. This CD is one example of the rise in interest of electronic music reissues and unreleased work. In the late '70s, Brian Eno connected the isolated communities of independent composers with pop. It was not a time where electronic music was limited by a genre definition. While some tracks on this album seem reminiscent of *Philip Glass*, others bounce along with only a simple melody played on a synthesizer to keep it in tact, and still others are the first steps at electronic ambient music.

It's hard to listen to such music without feeling the distance of history. It's harder still to review music that was made only a few years after I was born. Songs that were new and out there come across as almost pop music today. I enjoyed the album. The songs possess a soul that is not as evident in all of electronic music today.

Paul Kunderewich

HOOD Structured Disasters (Happy Go Lucky)

This is a collection of 11 singles (I believe) and seven previously unreleased tracks spanning '90-'96 from these fidelity-experimenting Brits. Their efforts in guitar squall and later sampling and beats puts them in the position of an overlooked *My Bloody Valentine* or *Flying Saucer Attack*, despite being more pop-hook oriented. I must admit I found this surprisingly engaging, considering I'd pretty much written them off as a consumer some years ago. Not an unequivocal yes by any means, but they certainly could be more widely appreciated than they are presently. If it sounds like your cup of tea ...

Sean Elliott

JANE JENSEN I Don't Think I'm Who (Interpense)

"More Than I Can" is the first song and I think I could wreck something in my house dancing to it, especially if my drug of choice (sleep deprivation) has kicked in. I get much of the feedback or a corroboration of my stoner friends. "Luv Song" is about a dream boyfriend: "He's not jealous of your friends that are guys and thinks their [sic] really cool."

Jane has a parttime job programming her voice at the production factory near her house in Los Angeles. It was predicted in *Fortune* that these little units will be California's chief export to Sweden by 2001. However, they don't know that the *Comic Book* Where morning children's cartoon is about to take off. Jane will be too late to time to doing her voice overs. I hope she still has time to program her drum machine, walk with purpose over the neck of her bass, riffola diatonica her guitar and keep all the lonely boys happy with that sultry voice.

Erin Symons

ALAN LIGHT & LOREN MAZZACANE CONNORS Mercury LOREN & MAZZACANE CONNORS Calloiden Harvest (Roadcone)

These recordings rely on the internet level of the artists' perceived reputation to draw listeners in and to encourage them to suspend their disbelief. This is not uncanny, really, but it is particularly true in the seemingly eclectic world of improvisation. It's hard to hear quality sometimes. Which is not to say that such works are only too exclusive, just easy to shut off. Also, this is not to suggest that there is total absence of real musical substance in these recordings, with no good ideas and development, or balance and harmony (not necessarily of the auditory kind), and so on. But an unkind listener could easily and reasonably fail to distinguish this stuff from anybody's decent, basement recorded, improvised four-track tapes, of which there are certainly some fine examples (like most of *Loren Mazzacane Connors*' work is taken to be, by the acquainted).

Granted, this opinion is a little bit the result of my own private ambivalence towards such music. It's fun to do and usually better to see live, but for me only occasionally, truly captivating recorded. But, I'm still very flexible and open — why not?

As for the recordings, they made me fall asleep, literally, on my living room floor. On second listen, I found considerable depth, but they are generally only a good average listen. There's lots of bed, flowing, overlapping, noodle-like parts, long passages, slow changes, and general spatial atmospherics. It's all very moody music — completely instrumental — and overall, having a decent sense of style and delivery, but also occasionally boring, too. The set of live recordings on *Mercury* were particularly tranquillizing, inducing, finding *Alan Light* and *Loren Mazzacane Connors*, interacting nicely; this record was my preference. While less consistent, possibly less impressive, *Mazzacane Connors*' solo performed *Calloiden Harvest* occasionally broadened with distorted, percussive guitar, shaking and mostly from under the recording also looks to be in reference to some door and unfortunate part of Irish history, according to the sleeve notes. And exploratory guitar is what these recordings are mostly all about, with good reason, light is to guitar playing member of the line and interesting band *Run On*, and *Mazzacane Connors* is a long-standing, under-recognized guitar improviser and silent cause of Portland's Road Cone records, who put out both of these new items.

I would still recommend these for those not interested in just napping. There is a lot of charm to be found here and good work to be heard, but I must admit, I fear these recordings are restricted mainly to the considerably patient or already converted. Now, this doesn't discount the value of them being good background music. *Mercury* might also be a useful make-out record — take note, young, lusty romantics! And *Calloiden Harvest* could easily support a private sojourn down quiet streets or a lonely stretch of beach — attention, troubled soul!

The options are abundant, for, generally, improvised music can enable all sorts of creative drift and fancy for both the performer and listener. In this way, I think these recordings are, in the end, a good thing, really, but it is particularly true in the seemingly eclectic world of improvisation. It's hard to hear quality sometimes. Which is not to say that such works are only too exclusive, just easy to shut off. Also, this is not to suggest that there is total absence of real musical substance in these recordings, with no good ideas and development, or balance and harmony (not necessarily of the auditory kind), and so on. But an unkind listener could easily and reasonably fail to distinguish this stuff from anybody's decent, basement recorded, improvised four-track tapes, of which there are certainly some fine examples (like most of *Loren Mazzacane Connors*' work is taken to be, by the acquainted).

LONG FIN KILLIE amelia (too pure)

Brit-pop! It's happy, it's bouncy, it's upbeat and even soothing. *Long Fin Killie* consists of four guys who play 11 instruments, including the Bouzouki. The singer sounds a little bit like *Morrissette* without the melodramatics. The composition of instruments and production techniques makes this a splendid

record.
Gretel

MOVIEZONE Day and Night (Drag City)

Day and Night is the second album from this *Flying Saucer Attack* side-project featuring Rachel Brook. The album features seven songs which all flow into one another, and feature sultry, contralto vocals poured over a backdrop of laid-back percussion, sparse piano, quiet guitars, and stray clarinet.

While some may label them the simple *Stereolab* and *Labradford* hybrid, *Moviezone* really has a unique sound. Acoustic guitars that are at once droning and folkly reflect *Flying Saucer Attack's* influence and make *Day and Night* feel at home on *Drag City*. As for as tone goes, the songs have *Stereolab's* instant accessibility and *Boyz n the Berrys* as well as a substitution of complex changes to soothing rhythms and pleasing arrangements of sounds.

Despite their influences, *Moviezone's* blending of styles — jazz, easy listening, and folk — is a pleasure from start to finish. That's the great thing about *Day and Night's* strength lies in its completeness as an album, or as a cycle from day to night and back again.

Joseph Haigh

THE MR. T. EXPERIENCE Revenue Is Sweet, and So Are You (Lookout!)

Berkeley, California's favourite poppunk punks are back with *16* these for those not interested in just napping. There is a lot of charm to be found here and good work to be heard, but I must admit, I fear these recordings are restricted mainly to the considerably patient or already converted. Now, this doesn't discount the value of them being good background music. *Mercury* might also be a useful make-out record — take note, young, lusty romantics! And *Calloiden Harvest* could easily support a private sojourn down quiet streets or a lonely stretch of beach — attention, troubled soul!

THE MURDER CITY DEVILS The Murder City Devils (Die Young, Stay Pretty/Sub-Pop)

IGGY POP
Here comes You
Seattle's *Murder City Devils* are now available on a rather terse LP from Sub-Pop subsidiary Die Young, Stay Pretty. Finally! Some of us diehards, hooked by a couple of brilliant "7" (most notably, their *Empire Records* "Dance Hall Music" single) and some break-neck live shows, were really sweating it out there, cuz the album was slated for an August release but it didn't show up until just recently.

You wanna talk about "the shakedown." In any case, *Murder City Devils* takes away all the pain. The album kicks off with "Dance Hall Music" (a somewhat inferior version to that on the *Empire Records 7"*, but a formidable opener nonetheless) and really never lets up. In a new, improved

version of "Broken Glass" (their tribute to **Ignite/Pepi**) is haunting, disturbing, and sexy — the perfect accompaniment for all of you who are doing "the werewolf" at your local discotheque these days. "Get Off the Floor" throws down the gauntlet when it comes to "indie dancefloor paralysis": if you're not going to dance, get your ass off the floor... people like you are what the balcony's made for. "Flashbulb" is an ode to the live, dyed-in-the-wool, rock 'n' roll experience, and an ode to its blood, sweat, and theatre. Some of us aren't quite ready for the big sleep yet. We're not ready to take part in the nouveau californiano and the Murder City Devils walk among us.

Speaking of Ignite/Pepi: **Heroes Hates You** is a recently released live bootleg of Iggy and a band that included Glen Matlock (I) and Ivan Kral (of the **Patti Smith** Group/Glam). The show in question took place in the city of Angels in 1979 at the Stardust (I think) and although Iggy and co. play tonnes of "the hits" ("Very Cool Time," "No Fun," etc.) these ain't **The Stooges** and this is no Metallica Iggy's twee-song boner is bizarre and priceless, though, and worth the price of admission.

a/.

NEGATIVLAND

Dispepsi (Seeland)
This land is your land,
This land is my land,
This land ain't Pepsi!™
Nor is it Disney!™
But Negativland™
Ain't making a stand
to take back this land
With you and me.
When I watch my teevee
all I see is Pepsi!™
and Coca-Cola™,
and this upsets me
But Negativland™
are making a stand
to take back this land
with you and me.
If it's not our Mountain™
selling out to Disney™
then it's McDonald's™

suing lieflies,
But Negativland™
are making a stand
to take back this land
with you and me.
We can make our culture
or be passive consumers,
wallowing in sitcoms
and talk show rumours,
Or with Negativland™
we can make a firm stand
to take back this land
with you and me.
Adam Monahan

NOFX

So Long and Thanks For All the Shaves (Epitaph)

Now here is a group that has been together for 15 years and they still kick butt. **NOFX**, fronted by Fat Mike, has managed to gain and sustain tremendous popularity while staying in the underground punk scene. These guys are known for their anti-commercialism, having called the reps at MTV, major labels and commercial radio "assholes." Their latest CD is a band that in their traditional light-speed punk rock sound, in contrast to their last release, **Heavy Petting Zoo**, which is generally too slow for hardcore **NOFX** fans. Songs like "It's My Job to Keep Punk Rock Elite" and "Falling in Love" help maintain the high energy of the 16 track album, while "Moral Government" and "Monosyllabic Girl" demonstrate **NOFX**'s characteristic sense of humor.

NOFX not only plays fast punk; they also mix things up, as they have done on previous releases by adding a touch of ska on "All Outta Angst" and reggae in "Eat the Meek." And did anyone know that Fat Mike could speak French? I didn't and I'm still not sure if he can, but he does at least attempt the language on the cover song, "Champs Elysees." One must be a little over the top to appreciate the revelational bonus track.

Jerome Yang

SAM INKSTER comic

The Prod Magazine

"This product will be more useful than Swiss Army Knives, more popular than chopsticks." **The Prod Magazine** is a superquick comic to read. This is quite possibly the work of some psychopathic, supergenius kindergarten or maybe some eclectic kids from the 'burbs. It will, at least, crack a smile on your face or, even worse, make you break out in laughter. The story is about a computer convention that goes awry and becomes violent and surreal. With a distinct border of illustration and, well, an enigmatic text, this comic book is worth the read. Computer programmers, beware! (Send \$1 or cookies to 1423 Hall Street, Nelson, BC, V1L2A4) Jamie Doucette

SOME VELVET SIDEWALK

Generale! The Lowdown

(K)
It's been years since I listened to any **Some Velvet Sidewalk**. For some reason, they were sort of an early '90s thing for me — a band that I couldn't imagine progressing, evolving again, I'm not sure why. Anyway, recently SVS has come out with a couple of strong releases that have rekindled my interest in 'em. **Generale!** is a full studio album which shows the SVS collective experimenting in a range of styles: straightforward pop-rockers ("Consequence" is just a great pop-rock gem), electronic, dub, etc. Overall, it's a solid outing: catchy, diverse, even passionate at times. All that and it's got **Nikki McClure** featured on two tracks.

I'm not really sure what **The Lowdown** is all about, it seems to be some kind of a remix package (it's got copycat artwork, it's got some mixes listed on the back, it came out right on the tails of **Generale!**, but most of the material appears to be brand new (I say "appears" because some of the material that's been remixed sounds as though it was gleaned from **Generale!**). This whole project is even looser than **Generale!** and

shows an interest in even more diverse genres (add funk and breakbeat to the list above). Hell, you can nearly cut loose to it! There are some rough spots, though. The title track involves a lame-ass rap reminiscent of the pathetic raps that **Calvin Johnson** is being known to do from time to time. The "Rewind," an instrumental version of the same song, is a loads better. The big surprise is "Split the Scene (K.O. Mud House Mix)" which is one of the better remixes I've had the pleasure of hearing recently: great dub bass, great beats, etc.

Tony "The Trembler"

STRATOVARIETY

Vision

(T+T)

This is a fast-paced album riddled with guitar solos, keyboards, and the occasional harpsichord. Searing vocals add to the intensity and the speed is controlled with some excellent drum work. Not a single song disappoints, from instruments like "Holy Light" to the epic title track. "Lyrics explore the prophecies of Nostradamus with some other concerns, like the preservation of the environment." Long songs maintain interest with amazing solos and numerous tempo changes.

Doug Lovett

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

They Could Have Been Bigger Than The Beatles (Velvet)

Virtually no one cares about "indie rock" anymore, so why bother with reissuing the TVP's CD in North America? They must stand the test of time because that surely can't be any more! It's a great melody album and never investigated any further, but this gem, recorded between '79 and '82, is something to behold. Shambolic, jangle-burnt psychedelia including **8 Miles High** solo reference in the blazing "King & Country", super sweet pop and two Creation covers ("Painter Man," a German hit also done by **Boney M** and "Makin' Time," recently blasted through courtesy of **Lord High Fixers**) combine for a truly and increasingly rare-to-come-by hour of musical bliss.

Leader Daniel Treacy's knack for a lyrical hook and/or fine guitar line is constantly in evidence, as is his genuine sense of surprisingly non-sickening whimsy. If you heard the fledgling sounds of New Zealand's Flying Nun label or those late '80s/early '90s, yes, American independent label rock, hell, or even **The Cure**'s beginnings during your heart and have not given this band a chance, you are making a grand mistake. The fact that punk-rock eventually led to such greatness makes up for some kids wishing car windows at stop lights, I reckon.

Sean Elliott

TIAMAT

A Deeper Kind of Slumber (Century Media)

Edmund, releasing all his anger on **TIAMAT**'s first three albums, now dwells more into the ambient/atmospheric style of metal (if you can call it that) than ever. The only upbeat song on this album shows

to a **Pink Floyd**-ish journey across well-produced, technically proficient background music. It's not all bad; it just doesn't hold my attention enough to warrant my recommendation. Perfect to listen to while doing housework and... well, sleeping.

Doug Lovett

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Cup Of Tea Records: Another Compilation (Cup Of Tea)

Here we go again. Another fine album of mixed music from the creative enterprises of Cup Of Tea Records. **Another Compilation**. The title makes it seem almost sarcastic, but the result will be understandable if the only compilations that ever came out were **MuchMusic's Dance '97** and **Big Shiny Tunes**... all the overplayed top 40 commercialism that has nothing to do with the music that's been around since the dawn of time.

Enter Cup Of Tea Records, a label committed to the future of danceable grooves that are worth listening to outside of clubs, where you can actually hear the music. **Another Compilation** contains otherwise unavailable tracks by the members of Cup Of Tea bands, including **Fruit Loop, Static 60, Receiver, and Stilik Sound System**. Notable efforts include **Fruit Loop's** "Drifter" and **Invisible Pair Of Hands'** "Oil, Oil, Oil," both full to the brim with a rolling bass line and competently programmed drum tracks.

Patrick Grass

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Nothing Beats a Royal Flush (Rothfuchs)

With "18 classic Canadian tunes" (most of 'em last longer than any two-tyne disc and a list of groups that read better than the graffiti on the guys' bathroom stall, how can you go wrong? Here's the scoop on the pop that follows: **The Shinolans** begin with an organ-fueled orgy of delight... Vancouver's ferocious legends **Maew** make **Wanda Jackson** proud... If the **A-Bones** wrote songs about graveyard get-downs, they thrive in the spirit of **The Knurlings'** "Cemetery Stomp"... **The Mach** liss surf their way into your slumber... **The Infernos** set a punk 'n' roll blaze and all that's left is "7 Days of Crying" as **The Brewtals** are left to mop up with their take on **The Cavaliers** classic... **Instruckings Huevos Rancheros** are in top form and trouble in the "what do you get when you put a guitar and drum machine in the hands of **Jackson Phibes**..."

The Scatraz Boosters inject some scuzz into their top fuel hit... **Calgary's** hillbilly twangsters **Curse of Horseflesh** dish out an ode to the hillbilly **Welds** and **Co.** don't speak about, namely "Skeleto-Hill, 90210"... garage maniacs **The Fiends** get revved up and fuzzed out... **Hungry? The Mantz** will feed you a "Brass Knuckle Sandwich" of rough 'n' ready rock and make you dizzy enough to so enjoy a "Mind Bender" with party bells. **The Tonics**... Bear barrel brats the **Von Zippers** discover "Betty Lou's Got a New Tattoo" (bumpy

with shakin' style... If punk rock pioneers **The Pogues** had distant cousins they'd be Montreal's **The Irritations**, as evident on their cut... **The Stinkies** explode a powder keg of primal pound... **The Spacethis** get down 'n' dirty and **Chixdiggit** close the lid on this crapper with a quick three-chord thrasher. With his from start to finish, this is one compilation you won't want to flush down your toilet.

Bryce Dunn

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Physical Fatness: Fat Music III (Fat Wreck Chords)

The dreaded compilation. Sometimes I pick up compilations... live albums or greatest hits... only to be left with a hole in my wallet and a lousy CD, which I then trade in for credit. Well, less to go some shady used CD store in the 'burbs. I'll paydirt this time around with **Physical Fatness**, a collection of songs that leaves me dancin' in my boots. How's this for a line-up: **NOFX**, **Old Riddance**, **Strung Out**, **Screaming Weasel**, **Screw 32**, **Propaganda**, **The Swingin' Utters** and many more. Surprise, surprise, it rocks, but I needn't tell you that. What more do you need to know? Well, it does go for an ultra low price for cheapskates like myself.

Kenny

SOUNDTRACK

Trainspotting 2 (EMI)

Heroes 2 (A&M)

People are suspicious of sequels and so they should be. Got a good thing going? Then why not milk it to death? On the other hand, **The Empire Strikes Back** was even better than **Star Wars** and these two CDs reflect the good and bad aspects of sequels.

Some thought actually went into **Trainspotting 2**. Producer Andrew Macdonald and director Danny Boyle made notes on some of the tracks. Author Irvine Welsh suggested the inclusion of **Goldie**'s "Inner City Life" and techno artists **PF Project** sampled Ewan McGregor (yuml) on their first track. A solid, workable soundtrack, perfect for those annoying "what should I play?" days. It veers from electronics (**Underworld**), Leftfield, to '80s pop (**Heaven 17** and **Fun Boy Three**). Cheers!

Hackers 2, alas, may get bonus points for having **Trainspotting's** Sick Boy starring, but this has some pretty sad excuses for electronics on it. It makes the mistake of mixing techno and dance, thus alienating the hardcore techno people, who certainly wouldn't enjoy **Brooklyn Bounce's** "Get Ready to Bounce." Even the inclusion of the **Orb's** magnificent "Togynog" or **Underworld** can't save this. There's no excuse for using **Moby's** "Go" or yet another remix of **Prodigy's** "Firestarter."

Jane Scudeler

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1 gert wilden	schoolgirl report	crippled dick
2 to roccoco rot	veiculo	emperor jones
3 modest mouse	the lonesome crowded west	up
4 the residents	our tired, our poor ...	ryko
5 bad brains	omega sessions	victory
6 perfume tree	tide's out	world domination
7 polaris	polaris	iglu
8 various artists	nothing beats a royal flush	rototflex
9 free kitten	sentimental education	krs
10 ec8or	all of us can be rich	grand royal
11 mr. t experience	revenge is sweet ...	lookout
12 mouse on mars	audiotacker	too pure
13 plumbtree	predicts the future	cinn. toast
14 sicko	you are not the boss ...	empty
15 3rd eye foundation	sound of violence	merge
16 butterglory	rat tat tat	merge
17 stereolab	dots and loops	elektra
18 strain	bomb weldmark	heartfirst
19 the saddlesores	a fistfull of hollers	empyre
20 love as laughter	#1 usa	k
21 apples in stereo	tone soul evolution	elephant
22 roots roundup	rootropective	groundup
23 nomeansno	would we be alive ep	alt. tentacles
24 halo benders	the rebels not in	k
25 elevator to hell	eerieconsiliation	sub pop
26 ralph	sophisticated boom	bongo beat
27 pellucid	tape yr tv	bug girl sound
28 bowery electric	vertigo	kranky
29 royal trux	singles, live ...	drag city
30 jen wood	getting past the static	win
31 the promise ring	nothing feels good	jade tree
32 jp5	jp5	independent
33 kaia	ladyman	mr. lady
34 silkworm	even a blind chicken ...	matador
35 movietone	day and night	drag city

1 gaze	gaze	k
2 make-up	free arthur lee	k
3 frigg a-go-go	frigg a-go-go	360 twist!
4 duster	transmission, flux	up
5 von zippers	hot rod monkey	screaming apple
6 run on	as good as new	matador
7 the others	can't help but cry	360 twist
8 the primate five	nova ep	gi
9 need	jacky o'lantern	outpunk
10 olivia tremor control	the giant day	drug racer
11 jale	true what you say	ready to break
12 tullycraft/rizzo	split	harriet
13 stink	radioactive	allied
14 murder city devils	the murder city ...	empty
15 melt-banana	wedge	slap a ham
16 the 1 4 5's	almost good	twist like this
17 invaders from ...	war between the sexes	aaJ
18 lake of dracula	untitled	skin graft
19 the kiss offs	love's evidence ...	peek-a-boo
20 the let downs	atlanta	360 twist

1 dreamy angel	laundromat queen
2 the hounds of buskerville	blowin' off steam
3 destroyer	karen is in rone
4 london paris	unmatched sock
5 the colorifics	747 (now i see heaven)
6 emulsifier	up the down slide
7 surg	she says
8 touch & gos	campus radio boy
9 something ska	mr. roustabout
10 ignition	viva las heathrow
11 no i.d.	unlicked cub
12 malachi crunch	planet earth
13 k-stars	drugs and gurus
14 celestial magenta	in return
15 quonset	desert blade
16 tickertape parade	audience with the pope
17 the spitfires	so lonely
18 harvey switched	killer killer
19 manifold	rails, floatation, aerodynamics
20 verona	war towers



ken's canadian lunch farewell top 10
thursdays 11:30am-1:00pm

1 nomeansno	oh canaduh
2 stompin' tom	how do you like it now?
3 martha & the muffins	echo beach
4 hanson brothers	gonna play hockey
5 the superfrendz	up & running
6 the vees	A
7 snfu	beautiful unlike you & i
8 the gruesomes	hey!
9 perfume tree	saturate
10 propagandhi	true

GOOD TASTY COMIC

by Jason da Silva





SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30-12:00PM
 All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Fans open.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM
 Reggae into all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM alt.
 Read cowshit caught in your boots country.
WIRELESS 3:00-5:00PM alt.
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.
HELLO INDIA 8:00-10:00PM
GETTIANALI 8:00-10:00PM Gettiani features a wide range of music from India, including classical music,

both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.
THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl/Willyaerhosts Mr. Checko, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drayze goes and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Galbert Love Dove. Eclectic music.

MONDAYS
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-tans, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and music in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brownplate special. Instrumental,

trance, lounge and ambience.
THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM Playing a spectrum of music from Garage Band to Big Band acoustic to electric.
NEEDLEPOINT 1:00-3:00PM Mismatched Rock rap, a quick ride downtown. Don't miss the Snow White Flood. I love the Snow White Flood.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endorse to feature dood art, verbal Banter (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Gotta quarter then call someone who cares.
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph Hardcore / punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM
BROW WATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eye on the I-bands.
HANS KLAUS' MISERY HOUR alt. 6:00-7:00PM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unfashionable melodies, tunes and voices.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW alt. 6:00-7:00PM
 Join library queens Helen G. and Kim on their info quest set to only the best music.
HIP HOP HAVOC 7:00-9:00PM
THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM
 Vancouver's largest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-acute Gavin Walker. Features at 11.
 Feb 2: Celebration of Saxophonist Sonny Kirk's birthday with some rare sides.
 Feb 9: 'The New Dues' Pianist Clark Corcoran Vibia Gary Burton. Musical Chemistry at its best.
 Feb 16: Charles Mingus' best loved works.
 Feb 23: Pianist Red Garland and an all-star band. Red's 'Good Groove'.

DRUM'N' SPACE 12:00-4:00AM
 Vancouver's only drum'n'bass show. Futuristic urban breakbeat at 160bpm.

TUESDAYS
AROUND THE MIDDLE EAST IN AN HOUR 8:30-9:30AM Middle eastern music for your morning drive.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM
 Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsant punk provide the perfect scissor lock to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when King Fu is used to bed with drunken his Bryce. Kill-ya!!!

FIVE HOUR LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM
 "Have a rock n' roll McDonald's for lunch today!"
POLYFILLER 2:00-3:00PM
 TWO WORDS: AVANT GARDE FOUK.
LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO 3:30-5:00PM
 Power to the people! Feminist news, hip-hop tracks, lesbianic rock and Asian folk.
NOOZE 5:00-5:30PM Our dedicated newswoman brings you the best news about student life, community organizations, festivals, arts events, youth culture, and social/political issues. Real voices bringing you news you won't hear anywhere else.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Social justice issues, Amnesty International updates, activism and looking up the evil corporate powers that be!!!
DIGESTIVE TRACKS 6:00-7:00PM
 Underground hip hop music. Live on-air mixing by DJ Hippot. Old school to next school tracks. Chew on that shit.
THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM
 Meet the unheard where the unheard and the hordes of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host and demo

director Dale Sawyer. Heard up! New music, independent bands.

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical beats express with your loco hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! ¡¡RADIO SABROSA!!

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Taken for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living 1's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE
 Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient, ethnic, folk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS
MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 8:30-10:00AM Girl music of all shapes and sizes.
DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER 10:00AM-12:00PM electronic.



	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
8								8
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	around the middle east	Mary Tyler Moore Show	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE	9
10			third time's the charm	DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS/Filibuster	Ska-t's Scenic Drive		10
11		the STUPID RADIO SHOW	Five Hour Lunch	love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	Fill in	LIQORICE ALLSORTS	11
12	ROCKERS SHOW	needlepoint	Colonel Sander's Hideout		Steve and Mike	Little Twin Stars	POWER CHORD	12
1			Polyfiller	Sugarcube Factory	justin's time			1
2		Meat-Eating Vegan	LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWEAR & NOIZ	Lucky Scratch	2
3	WIRELESS/BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	evil vs. good						3
4	fillerin	BBC Worldnews	NOOZE	BBC World news	entertainment desk	NOOZE	hearsay	4
5		birdwatchers	radio active	Rachel's Song				5
6	QUEER FM	bars class every hour radio blue warsaw	digestive tracks	ESOTERIK/SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7	Hello India	hip hop havoc	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	on air with greased hair			7
8			RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis				8
9	GeeTaNaLi				LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS		9
10	THE SHOW (hiphop)	THE JAZZ SHOW	Canuck Stops Here/witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallundar	Slippery Slot / Groove Jumping		live at the hi-hat	10
11							rebel jazz	11
12								12
1	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM T' SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN SEASON	Plutonian Nights	LIAP SINK	Filet of Soul/ Earwax	1
2								2
3								3
4								4

LOVESUCKS 12:00-2:00PM Music at work. [Cut up mixed genres — eclectic, electric, included but not mandatory].

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM No indie rock here — just some good ol' Southern fried beer boogie!

NOOZE 5:00PM-5:30PM

Community/compass news and view
RACHEL'S SONG 5:30-6:00PM Info on health and the environment, with a focus on Vancouver. Topics ranging from recycling and conservation projects to diet, health, and corruption and sustainability in the urban context. Comments and ideas are welcome.

ESOTERIK alt. 6:00-7:30PM Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the illbirds.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Pah.
AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM holo benders, bad horsey, movietone... these are a few of our love-oh-writ things. la la la!

FOUK OASIS 9:00-10:00PM Acoustic/rock/folk music in the middle of your week. Focus on local and Canadian singer-songwriters, regular features on other regions with in-house visits.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindva and Bindva immerse you in radiocative Bhungrat "Chakhi de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals. Braccaah!

OPEN SEASON 12:00-4:00AM Mixed bag of surprises coming your way.

THURSDAYS

THE LAST DESK 8:30-10:00AM Listen carefully as Johnny B brings you CiTR's classical music show. Featuring Canadian composers, another hour & more. Radio can focus, for the masses.

FUBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM From accordion to the backwoods via swingin' lounge sounds... this show is a genre free zone.

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva La Robolico Revolution. Electronica...noiz...new wave, no wave.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Ganster, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore)

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confessions.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and Punk rock since 1989. <http://mypage.direc.ca/flexyourhead/>

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

ENTERTAINMENT DESK alt. 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Rock of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local musk from 9. Live broadcasts from 10-11.

SUPPERY SLOT 11:00PM-1:00AM Farm animals, plush toys and Napalm Death.

These are a few of my favourite things. It's all about shootin' the shit and rock'n'roll, baby.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and flicker stuff too. See you here and bring some ice. XOXO

SKA-T'S SCENE-K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Ska into all styles and fashion... if you don't get you dancing... we will find you... and we will KILL you...

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:00PM Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jaccuzi space rock at its finest.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM

MOOZE 5:00-5:30PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM Sounds of the transpacific underground, from west java to east Detroit. Sound system operator, Don Chow.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old Jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African Music around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed and dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebass.

LUMP SINK 12:00-3:00AM The show that doesn't hate you. Friar Fritter Abbaakala and Postman Pat alternate with Tobias' Paragasm Shift (past, phone-in and kiss your mother with the guests).

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus *World Cup Report* at 11:30 AM, 8-9 AM: African/World roots, 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

LOKONCE ALLSORTS 12:00-1:00PM All kinds of music spoken word, interviews. Phone in for comments or requests. Tune in and expose yourself to new music and ideas.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. *Demolition* and *Weld* Kon do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Blues and blues rock with your hosts Anna and AJ.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Altos, Cal.).

LIVE AT THE HI-HATTI! 10:00PM-1:00AM "Live" — shows and bands — admission \$6.00 — Performers are subject to change. "Maximum Soul."

REBEL JAZZ 10:00PM-1:00AM Join Gish for some — rebel jazz.

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM-DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise." Late-night radio soundclash destined to fit you hard. Zine features, past experimental chunes, and the occasional turntable symphony. "Money, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn." — G. Smiley

IT'S TIME FOR INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

WE CALL FOR ALL WOMEN MEET & WILD TO STEP UP TO THE MIC AND HELP US CELEBRATE!!!

ON MARCH 8TH, CITR WILL HAVE ALL WIMMIN PROGRAMMERS. YOU CAN JOIN US!

JUST COME BY ROOM 233 OF THE SUB AT UBC OR CALL NAMIKO @822.1242



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porch stompin'
boot tappin'
old time hootin' and yellin'
just like it used to be
and still is **BLUES**
Black history month specials

blues roots and
women in blues

Saturdays 3-5pm

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101.9 FM

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attention, all female-folk!

we need your help!

CiTR presents our annual ON-AIR celebration

of INTERNATIONAL
WOMEN'S DAY

on Sunday, March 8, 1998

if you'd like to GET INVOLVED in any way

(programming,
production, ideas, moral support, whatever!)

we want to hear from

YOU

please contact namiko at 822.1242 for more information

february datebook



FRI 30 Bran Van 3000@Richards on Richards; Nickelback, Jar@Starfish Room; Spirit of the West@UBC Sub Ballroom; *The Hanging Garden*, Kissed@Ridge; Minor@Brickyard; Steve Wright@South Hill Candy Shop; Dirmitts, Shellycoyces Probe@Columbia; Black Market Babies, Surfdusters@Pic Pub; Millennium Project@Sonar

SAT 31 Modest Mouse, Gaze@Starfish Room; The Malchis, Hounds of Buskerville, Crowned King@Brickyard; Helen Gone@South Hill Candy Shop; Liquid Amber, Rhubarb Rhubarb@Columbia; Millennium Project@Sonar; Bites Motel, Billy Butcher@The Pic

SUN 1 Fu Manchu, Acid King@Starfish Room; Jonatha Brooke@Purple Onion; The Hanging Garden, Kissed@Ridge

MON 2 Joe Jackson@Vogue

TUE 3 Cory Weeds@South Hill Candy Shop

WED 4 CITR PRESENTS: Violent Femmes, gaze@Vogue; Steve Mitchell@South Hill Candy Shop

THU 5 CITR PRESENTS: Perfume Tree, The Electrosonics@Starfish Room; CITR PRESENTS: Violent Femmes, gaze@Vogue; Acacia, The Beans@Brickyard; Eventide@Funky Planet; Ben Folds Five, Robbie Fulks@DVB, Seattle; Versions@Chameleon; Maborosi, In the Realm of the Senses@Pacific Cinematheque

FRI 6 CITR PRESENTS: BOB MARLEY'S 53rd BIRTHDAY BASH: The Cultivators, Boom-Daddy, Full Circle, Soul Survivors, Boom-B, Bounty Hunter, Mutineers@Palladium; Green Room, The Millennium Project@Starfish Room; Roy Condo and His Richochets, Lindsay Davis, the Darlings@Gate; Mark Farina@Sonar; Wholestepp@The Pic; Clint Burnham reading *Be Laxur Reading*@Black Sheep Books; 1001 Black Inventions@Michael J. Fox Theatre; Ralf Moll@South Hill Candy Shop; Slick@Chameleon; In the Realm of the Senses, Maborosi@Pacific Cinematheque

SAT 7 The New Jim Rose Circus Sideshow@Palladium; Banstool Prophets@Starfish Room; Roy Condo and His Richochets, Blue Heaven@Gate; Gaze@The Pic; Joe Keithley@South Hill Candy Shop; Slick@Chameleon; Maborosi, In the Realm of the Senses@Pacific Cinematheque

SUN 8 Ek-A-Mouse@Richards on Richards; In the Realm of the Senses,

Maborosi@Pacific Cinematheque

MON 9 Bob Kemmi@Railway Club; Maborosi, In the Realm of the Senses@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 10 Dee Carstensen@Richard's on Richards; Les Ballet Jazz de Montréal@GEI; Jazz Mahoba@South Hill Candy Shop; Split Lip Ashbury@Starfish Room

WED 11 The Celluloid Social Club; Lonelyhearts Revenge@Anza Club; Steve Mitchell@South Hill Candy Shop

THU 12 NoMeansNo, Royal Grand Prix, Removal@Starfish Room; Cathode Ray@South Hill Candy Shop; Double Six@Chameleon

FRI 13 The New Meanies@Railway Club; NoMeansNo, Royal Grand Prix, Closed Caption Radio@Starfish Room; Readings From Whole Lotta Love Poetry@Black Sheep Books; Hot Club of Mar@South Hill Candy Shop; Nymphet@Chameleon

SAT 14 Holly McFarland, The Gandharvas@Palladium; Whiskeytown, Mary Lay Land@Starfish Room; Gregg Allman@Vogue; The New Meanies@Railway Club; Ralph Roadhouse Eatery; Sweetheart Swing Valentine's Dance@Gate; Ronnie Hayward Trio@South Hill Candy Shop

SUN 15 Jarmila, Diana Krall Trio@Palladium; Old 97@Starfish Room; German Experimental Films I & II: The Wolf, The New Era, The Revolution & Structure, Form, Animation@Pacific Cinematheque

MON 16 German Experimental Films III & IV: Feeling and Severity & The Wolf, The New Era, The Revolution@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 17 NOFX, No Use For A Name (All Ages)@Croatian Cultural Centre; Dave Phyllis Duo@South Hill Candy Shop

WED 18 The Many Graces, Seattle's 2nd Annual Losers Lounge@Railway Club; Rita McNeil@Cham. Centre; Steve Mitchell@South Hill Candy Shop; South Asian Music Showcase; Kevita, Indian Lion, DJ Goldy, Jogger, Kelly Deon@Chameleon

THU 19 Painting Daughters@Railway Club; the Paperboys, People Playing Music; Alpha Dialla@Starfish Room; Jessica@South Hill Candy Shop; Jessica Grant@South Hill Candy Shop; Fresh@Sonar

FRI 20 Painting Daughters@Railway Club; Robyn Corrigan@South Hill Candy Shop; People Playing Music; Alpha Dialla@Starfish Room; Harlem Globetrotters@GM Place

SAT 21 Nashville Pussy, the Power Failures, JP5@Starfish Room; The Vinagrettes@Railway Club; MC Gass Kings, Lee Aaron, Jay Condo and His Richochets, Tom Cornet and Christine Taylor in the Juley Danger Show, Jeffin the Professional Sweeney Guy, D.L. Lado Kovacs and Todd Tomerowicz@Waldorf Hotel; Steve Mitchell's CD Release Party@South Hill Candy Shop; Closed Caption Radio, Celestial Magenta@Brickyard

SUN 22 German Experimental Films IV & V Discoveries and Reflections & Wounds, Wonders and Visions@Pacific Cinematheque

MON 23 Grrrls with Guitars: Naomi Steel, Diane Barbarash, Sheryl Shue@Railway Club; Judas Priest@Rage; A Life Less Ordinary, Trainspottin@Ridge; Inhale, Neil Burton Quartet@The Pic; The Legendary Waiters Band@Richards on Richards; German Experimental Films I & II: The Wolf, The New Era, The Revolution & Structure, Form, Animation@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 24 Spoon Machine@Richard's on Richards; Dorothy Missing CD Release Party@Railway Club; A Life Less Ordinary, Trainspottin@Ridge; Andrew Davis@South Hill Candy Shop; Donald Glaude@Sonar

WED 25 Steve Mitchell@South Hill Candy Shop

THU 26 Veal, Clam@Railway Club; The Crawlers@Starfish Room; Bryan Adams@GM Place; Holly Cole@Vogue; Sean O'Keefe@South Hill Candy Shop; The Rascales@Sonar; Dorothy Missing@HW Robson

FRI 27 Veal, Lindsay@Railway Club; D.O.A., Pigment Vehicle, the Weakertons, Karen Foster@Starfish Room; Indigo Swing@The Gate; Holly Cole@Vogue; KC Kelly@South Hill Candy Shop; WWF Wrestling: Shawn Michaels vs. Owen Hart@GM Place

SAT 28 Marcy Playground@Starfish Room; Meg Tannan@South Hill Candy Shop; David Alvarado@Sonar

Special events

KISS PROJECT
Celebrate your cold February with a warm kiss! Dance, theatre, music, & workshops (and call the kiss line at 606.6434 for more info on late-night kisses!) All events at Performance Works, Jan. 26-Feb. 22.

10th ANNIVERSARY WOMEN IN VIEW FESTIVAL
Here's your chance to celebrate the diversity in music, dance, theatre, and arts produced by the talented female-folk at Women in View. Networking sessions, cabarets, literary readings ... something for everyone, girl or boy! February 20-March 1 at various venues. Info line: 604.257.1650.

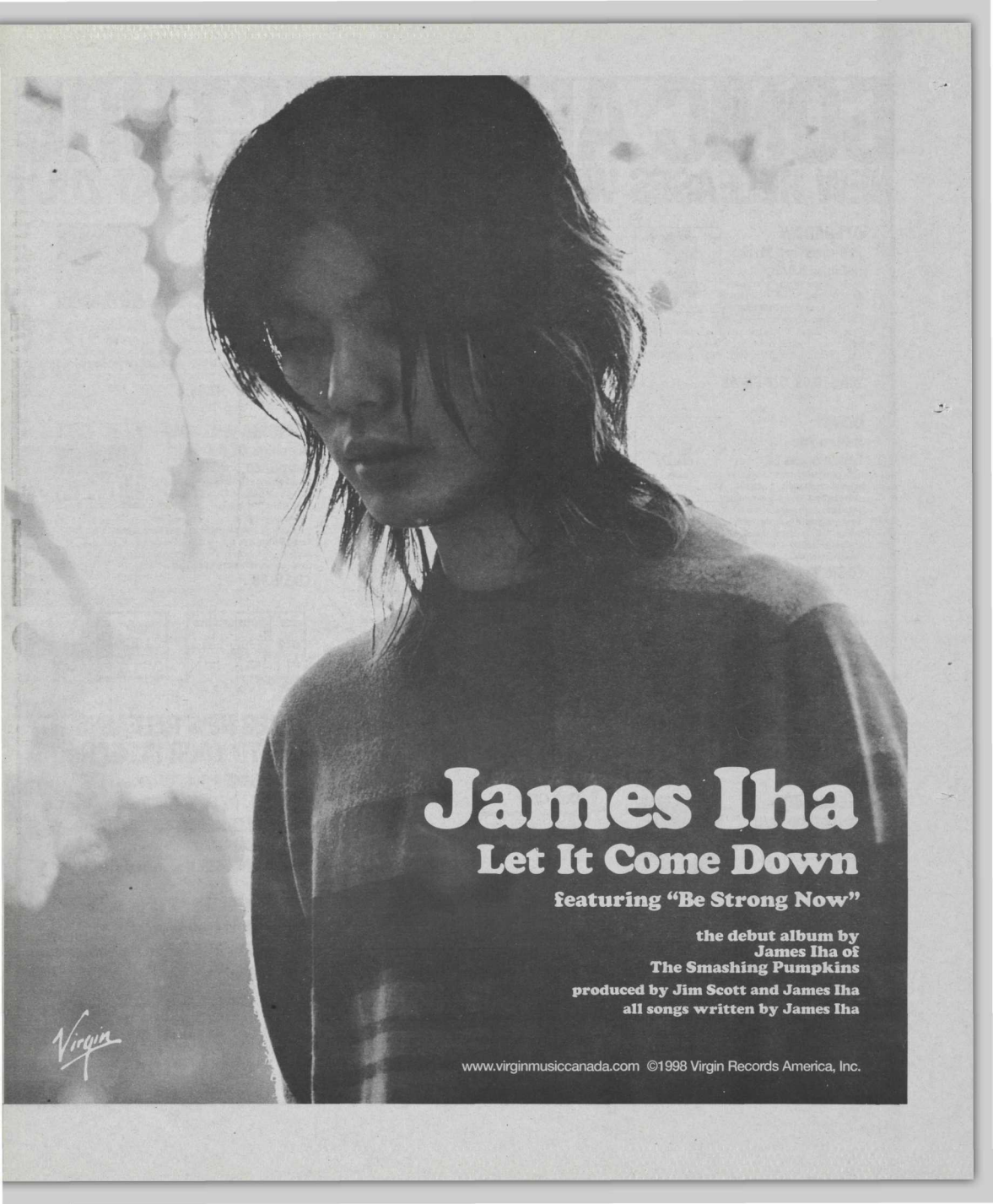
SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 18TH!

everything you need to know
about
everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance) 488 6219
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek) 684 3777
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hotline 684 2787
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald) 773 5087
The Blinding Light 256 E. Georgia (between Main & Gore) 685 3978
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St. 254 1915
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 873 1331
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant) 683 6099
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 689 3180
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard) 669 0806
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 687 5007
Chan Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC) 687 5007
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St. 682 4629
CN Inx Theatre 999 Canada Place 683 3757
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 681 1531
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 5637
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown) 687 7573
Crowsfoot Theatre 316 W. Hastings (downtown) 683 2201
Death by Chocolate 1001 Denman St. (at Nelson) 662 3207
Denman Place Garden 1030 Denman (West End) 682 4388
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
Food Not Bombs Vancouver 872 6719

Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 622 2678
Gorge Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown) 822 9364
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown) 684 MASK
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Good Jacket 42 Kingsway (at Main) 687 5665
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack) 795 3334
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown) 688 7755
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown) 685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown) 875 9858
Lux 1320 Richards (downtown) 685 3288
Maxim Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown) 230 MARKS
Mediumium 1926 W. Broadway 688 8701
Mora 6 Powell (Gastown) 689 0649
Noam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave (Kitsilano) 738 7151
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown) 682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 3456
Palladium (formerly GrazeLand) 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New West) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC) 622 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Piazza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown) 602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593

The Ridge 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585
Royce Taylor 579 Dunsmyth (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown) 687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.) 738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown) 874 6200
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown) 687 6355
Shadball Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown) 683 6695
Southill Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 876 7463
Squish'd Knish 4477 Main (at 29th) 879 9017
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmyth (downtown) 685 7777
StoneTemple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown) 875 9858
Sue Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown) 685 3288
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 988 2473
The lower 39 W. Hastings (downtown) 682 8550
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown) 254 5757
Vancover E. Cultural Centre 1895 Vancouver (at Victoria) 687 4165
Vancover Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 738 7015
Vancover Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 682 2235
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 872 2999
Vart/Washout 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 3373
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 669 2289
Virgin Mega Store 788 Burrard (at Robson) 331 7909
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 6217
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 687 9343
Western Front (303 E. 8th Ave) 254 5858
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 732 4128
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adan (the Drive) 681 9253
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 738 3322
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3322



James Iha

Let It Come Down

featuring "Be Strong Now"

the debut album by
James Iha of

The Smashing Pumpkins

produced by Jim Scott and James Iha
all songs written by James Iha

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NEW RELEASES WITH SOLID FOUNDATIONS AT ZULU

DJ SHADOW Pre-emptive Strike Ltd Edition 2CD/2LP

Now re-available for those who missed out the first time, this fine abstract hip hop handy-pack collects DJ SHADOW's older odds and ends with a few new surprises: including an exquisite cut-up megamix by famed DJ **Q-Bert**. It's nice, very good, convenient and cool, and helps to complete your personal library of fine beats, or start you off just right. What more needs to be said?

2CD \$20.98 2LP \$16.98



DUMP A Plea For Tenderness CD

How James McNew can have any spare time is anybody's guess. But this current **Yo La Tengo** member has managed to record another great set of solo performed pop masterpieces, supposedly all while he was in his pajamas. Well... good work, James, sounds nice to us. Another really welcome **DUMP** — snicker — from this endlessly creative multi-talent. And the cover is cute as well.

CD \$16.98



MARK EITZEL Caught In A Trap CD/LP

Mr. American Music Club is back with its third solo album, his second in less than a year and his debut for Matador. This time out our favourite balladeer goes for a less orchestrated and more stripped down approach letting strong vocal melodies and slow motion guitar stand alone. The four tracks that do sport bass and drums feature James McNew and Steve Shelley. **Caught In A Trap** is an acoustic urban soundtrack for those days when the smog looks as pretty as a cloud.

CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98

FREAKWATER Springtime CD/LP

The follow-up to 1995's brilliant **Old Point** is **FREAKWATER**'s fifth and most musically relentless effort to date. With picture perfect old time country melodies and effortless one-off guitar solos courtesy of Wilco's Max Johnston, this is a sadly beautiful portrait of loves lost and lives left. Drink deep from the tin cup of **FREAKWATER** because this year **Springtime** is coming early.

CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98



VEDA HILLE Here Is A Picture (Songs For E Carr) CD

Past and present meet as **VEDA HILLE** interprets **Emily Carr**'s inspirational creative works. Poetic musings and sparse instrumentation makes this **HILLE**'s most absorbing commission. Indeed **Here Is A Picture**, and more!

CD \$16.98



HISSANOL The Making Of Him CD/LP

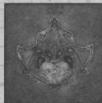
Featuring **Andy Kerr** (ex-Novellette) and **Scott Henderson** (of **Show Business Giants**), **HISSANOL**'s sophomore release is an intense jazzy punk bombast. Written via airmail between Amsterdam and Victoria, **The Making Of Him** ought to log many miles on your listening journeys!

CD \$14.98 LP \$12.98

JUNE OF 44 Four Great Points CD/LP

Doing their best to transcend redundant titles like post-rock, the boys of **JUNE OF 44** continue to become stronger songwriters, profiles aside. Not to say that **Four Great Points** is too easy or simple in its composition. Rather, it is strongly realized, if not being their best recording thus far, and should be taken in terms of its own status, not as a passive trademark. In other words: Attention unfamiliar listeners and old fans, this is the one. Lots of ideas and good sounds.

CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98



OVAL - CHRISTOPHE CHARLES Dok CD/LP

OVAL's (a/k/a **Marcus Propp**) deconstructive/reconstructive technique is complementary — almost ideally so, in fact — to the unique timbral of **Christophe Charles**' field recordings of bell sounds. The resulting ambient meeting is a remarkable exchange of more than just computer files, placing ostensibly "real" sources within a constructed "organic" background, providing a vivid account of acoustic possibility that can only take place as a hybrid-form, a duplicitous form as familiar and mysterious as actual and stimulated.

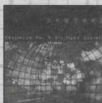
CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98



UNWOUND Challenge For A Civilized Society CD/LP

UNWOUND have got to be the moodiest, most angst-ridden band around. However, they transform this passion and energy into tremendous bombast: all uncompromising, aggressive and volatile. Yet this is somehow also balanced by an odd ennui so modern that it can only be articulated in terms of pop culture, which for them looks equally forward to new directions and positions as it does to punk's past failures. All this is folded into the action of the moment, and comes out as rock and roll and then some. Long overdue.

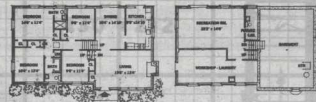
CD \$14.98 LP \$12.98



VICTORIA WILLIAMS Musings Of A Creek Dipper CD

VICTORIA's first album in nearly four years is as highly anticipated as it is good, and well worth the wait. Quiet, mature musings that aren't afraid to take left turns are driven down dusty roads by **John Covantino** and **Joey Burns** of **Giant Sand**. Tales of uncharted detours that end up at the local swimming hole are washed clean in the sweetly eccentric voice that could only belong to **VICTORIA WILLIAMS**.

CD \$16.98



OTHER NEW RELEASES TO ADD TO YOUR BLUEPRINTS

ST. ETIENNE Sylvie CD-EP Pts. 1 + 2

JOEL R.L. PHELPS The Downer Trio CD

PROPELLERHEADS Decks + Drums + Rock + Roll CD/2LP

DJ VADIM USSR Reconstruction CD/12" EP-2

DROPKICK MURPHYS Do Or Die CD/LP

SILKWORM 90-94 2CD/2LP

BEN FOLDS FIVE Naked Baby Photos CD

E.A.R. Millenium Music CD/2LP



1869 W 4th Ave,
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1M4
tel 738.3232

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00

